

TRUE FACTS! HOW POLICE SMASH

52

**FULL SIZE
PAGES**

THE PERFECT

CRIME

MAY 1951 NO. 12 10 CENTS



NO! NO! I DIDN'T
DO IT! HONEST,
LUPO, IT'S ALL
A MISTAKE!

OK, MONTI!
LET THAT DIRTY
DOUBLE CROSSER
HAVE IT!

EXTRA! STEVE DUNCAN in the VENUS DE MILO MURDERS!

RO-BERT FASHIONS

Style No. 1205

Enhance your chance with him in this "can't do without" front panelled gem of a topper — Two generous slit pockets curve into front panel — Large gold tone buttons close just below a jaunty collar. Turn around and show a full flared swing back. In finest quality rayon gabardine.

COLORS:

- RED
- AQUA
- PINK
- WHITE
- KELLY GREEN

Style No. 1204

A morning — noon and night topper you'll take with you everywhere. The sweep of the front yoke is topped with three large gold-tone buttons and a jaunty collar. Graceful flares fall from the matching back yoke. Large patch pockets. In finest quality rayon gabardine.

Just Imagine!

ONLY
3⁹⁹
EACH

SIZES:

9-11-13-15-17.
10-12-14-16-18-20

COLORS:

- RED
- AQUA
- PINK
- WHITE
- KELLY GREEN



IN ALL SIZES:

9, 11, 13, 15, 17
10, 12, 14,
16, 18, 20

5⁹⁹

SIZES:

38, 40, 42,
44, 46

6⁹⁹

Style No. 1505

"DRAMATIC GLORY"

Exciting as a candlelight kiss, romantic as a moonlight stroll! The rich smooth rayon drapes softly over your shoulders . . . the alluring neckline plunges recklessly to reveal your warmly enticing loveliness. Lavish accordion pleats completely encircle the whirling ballerina skirt . . . Luxurious wide self belt with six gold-tone eyelets. Zipper placket. In gorgeous colors:

• BLACK • PINK • AQUA • POWDER BLUE



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Style No.	Size	1st Color Choice	2nd Color Choice	Price
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- ☐ I enclose full amount plus 21¢, saving C.O.D. charges.
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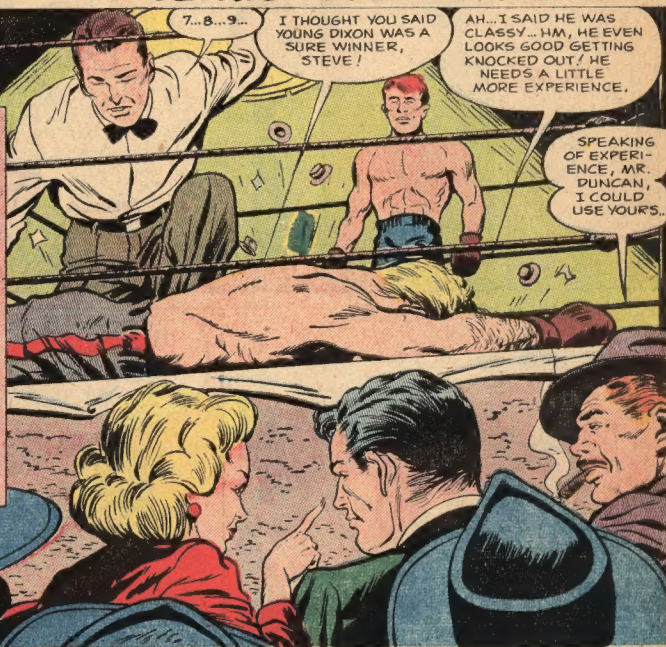
SEND NO MONEY-10 DAY FREE TRIAL

Steve Duncan

and the VENUS DE MILO MURDERS

OFFICIAL
RECORD
PERFECT
CRIME
NO. 5605
COMPLETED
MARCH 10, 1949
BY JUSTICE!

HOUSEBREAKING IS DEFINITELY NOT IN MY LINE, BUT A LICENSED INVESTIGATOR SOMETIMES TAKES ASSIGNMENTS THAT HE DOESN'T ESPECIALLY APPROVE OF WHEN HE BELIEVES HE CAN WORK SOME REAL GOOD. IT WAS IN THIS BELIEF THAT I AGREED TO WORK FOR LAWYER RICHARD GORDON... AND NEARLY LOST WHAT IS QUITE DEAR TO ME... MY LIFE, THAT IS. IT STARTED ON THE FIRST FRIDAY IN MARCH, 1949. LOU LYNN, MY SECRETARY, AND I WERE BUSY WATCHING MY CHOICE IN THE WINDUP TAKE THE FULL COUNT WHEN...



7...8...9...

I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOUNG DIXON WAS A SURE WINNER, STEVE!

AH... I SAID HE WAS CLASSY... HM, HE EVEN LOOKS GOOD GETTING KNOCKED OUT! HE NEEDS A LITTLE MORE EXPERIENCE.

SPEAKING OF EXPERIENCE, MR. DUNCAN, I COULD USE YOURS.

GORDON'S MY NAME, MR. DUNCAN... RICHARD GORDON! I'M A LAWYER AND I'VE A LITTLE JOB FOR YOU TO HANDLE IF YOU DON'T OBJECT TO USING UNORTHODOX METHODS...

UNORTHODOX... THAT COULD COVER A MULTITUDE OF SINS, MR. GORDON... SUPPOSE WE GO SOMEWHERE AND TALK!

L... SO THAT'S THE PROPOSITION, STEVE... WILL YOU TAKE THE JOB?

IT'S A TEMPTING OFFER, GORDON... STEALING IS STEALING NO MATTER WHAT GUISE IT TAKES, BUT I CAN SEE YOUR POINT WHEN YOU SAY IT WILL SAVE A NICE OLD GUY A LOT OF TROUBLE... OKAY, IT'S A BARGAIN!



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Punishment Is the Bitter Pill

GORDON WANTED ME TO OBTAIN A STATUETTE FROM THE HOME OF HENRY CATLEY, FORMER GARDENER OF THE LATE MILES ERDLEAU, MASTER SCULPTOR... IT SEEMS THAT CATLEY TOOK THE STATUETTE WHEN ERDLEAU DIED... NOW ERIC ERDLEAU, MILES' SON, WANTED THE EXCELLENT REPRODUCTION OF THE CLASSIC VENUS DE MILO RETURNED! MY FIRST STOP WAS THE ERDLEAU MANSION...

ERIC ERDLEAU?

YES... PLEASE COME IN, MR DUNCAN. I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU!



DUNCAN, I WANT MY FATHER'S MASTERPIECE RETURNED TO ITS RIGHTFUL OWNER... ME!

TELL ME MORE, MR. ERDLEAU! WHO HAS OR WHERE IS THIS MASTERPIECE?



HENRY CATLEY, MY FATHER'S GARDENER HAS IT! HE STILL LIVES IN THAT GATEHOUSE OVER THERE... REFUSES TO LET ME IN... TO EVEN TALK TO ME...

I DON'T UNDERSTAND... HOW COME CATLEY OWNS THE GATEHOUSE? HOW DID HE GET THE STATUETTE?



MY FATHER LEFT HIM THE GATEHOUSE IN HIS WILL. CATLEY CLAIMS MY FATHER GAVE HIM THE REPRODUCTION OF VENUS DE MILO. OH, I COULD GO TO COURT OVER IT, BUT I HATE THE THOUGHT OF A LONG LEGAL TANGLE!



THIS STATUETTE... DOES IT HAVE ANY MARKET VALUE OR IS IT JUST SENTIMENT?

VALUE? IT'S ONLY REAL VALUE IS TO ME, DUNCAN. MY FATHER WAS A VERY GOOD WORKMAN BUT HARDLY ONE TO COMMAND LARGE SUMS FOR HIS EFFORT... NO, I WANT IT BACK FOR PURE SENTIMENT!



YOUR LAWYER RICHARD GORDON TELLS ME HENRY CATLEY IS A NICE OLD GUY... IS THAT THE REASON YOU DON'T WANT TO TAKE HIM TO COURT?

YES, DUNCAN... THEN, TOO, CATLEY IS A... WELL, A BIT ECCENTRIC! I'M AFRAID HE MIGHT SMASH THE STATUETTE IF I TRIED TO HAUL HIM INTO COURT! HE'D REALLY BE IN TROUBLE THEN AND I DON'T WANT THAT TO HAPPEN.



Every Criminal Must Swallow

CATLEY NEVER LEFT HIS HUT, ERDLEAU TOLD ME... HAD HIS FOOD DELIVERED AND KEPT A LOADED SHOTGUN HANDY TO DISCOURAGE CONVERSATION AND SNOOPERS. I KNEW OLD CATLEY WOULD GATHER HIMSELF A PECK OF TROUBLE IF ERDLEAU EVER HAULED HIM INTO COURT... SO WITH THAT IN MIND AND DETERMINED TO FIND OUT WHY I WAS OFFERED A BONUS IF I RECOVERED THE STATUETTE, LATE THAT NIGHT I UNDER-TOOK, AS A LICENSED INVESTIGATOR, MY FIRST VENTURE AT WHAT IS USUALLY TERMED "HOUSE-BREAKING!"

I HOPE CATLEY IS SLEEPING... HM... I FEEL SLIMY DOING THIS, BUT ERDLEAU IS RIGHT... IT'LL SAVE THE OLD BOY A LOT OF TROUBLE, I HOPE!



...I GOT INSIDE WITHOUT A SOUND AND AS I STARTED TO CLOSE THE WINDOW...



...THERE WAS A LOUD EXPLOSION BEHIND MY EAR... LATER WHEN I STARTED TO REGAIN CONSCIOUSNESS, I GOT MY FIRST LOOK AT CATLEY...

...OH, MY HEAD... HEY, CATLEY, YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO SLUG ME SO HARD! YOU DON'T HAVE TO USE THAT SHOTGUN EITHER... I KNOW WHEN I'M NOT WANTED...

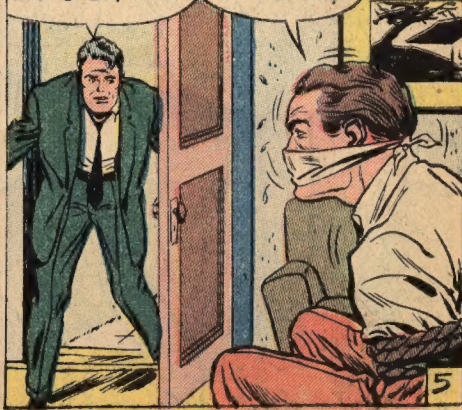


SHOT TO DEATH! THE OLD MAN NEVER KNEW WHAT HIT HIM! MAYBE ERDLEAU KNOWS SOMETHING ABOUT THIS...



ERDLEAU! WHAT HAPPENED, MAN?

UMF... LEE... HELMPH!



A Gunman Is A Coward

DID THEY GET THE STATUETTE, DUNCAN... IS IT GONE?

HOLD ON, ERDLEAU, WHO ARE 'THEY'? THEY'VE KILLED CATLEY AT ANY RATE!

OF COURSE THEY KILLED CATLEY! THOSE KILLERS WILL STOP AT NOTHING TO GET THE STATUETTE!

MAYBE I'M STUPID, ERDLEAU, BUT WOULD YOU MIND TELLING ME WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT?

OTHER PEOPLE ARE INTERESTED IN IT, IAT STATUETTE, DUNCAN... THEY FORCED ME TO TELL THEM GATLEY HAD IT IN HIS HUT!

SO THEY KILLED POOR OLD CATLEY AND TOOK THE STATUETTE, IS THAT IT, ERDLEAU?

EXACTLY, DUNCAN, BUT THERE'S A CHANCE YOU MAY HAVE FRIGHTENED THEM OFF BEFORE THEY ACTUALLY FOUND THE STATUETTE!

THEY MUST HAVE FOUND IT, ERDLEAU... THEY'VE PULLED THE WHOLE PLACE APART!

A MILLION QUESTIONS WERE POPPING IN MY ACHING HEAD... ERDLEAU HARDLY GLANCED AT CATLEY'S BODY. HE SLID BACK A PANEL IN THE WALL AND...

THEY DIDN'T GET IT! HA, HA, IT'S MINE, DUNCAN, DO YOU UNDERSTAND, ALL MINE?

HM... ARE YOU TRYING TO TELL ME SOMEONE WAS WILLING TO COMMIT MURDER JUST TO GET THAT PIECE OF MARBLE? COME ON, ERDLEAU, I WANT THE FULL STORY!

I CAN'T TELL YOU ... HUH!...

THAT'S CORRECT, MR. DUNCAN... HE CAN'T TELL YOU WHY HE WANTS THE LITTLE STATUE SO BADLY ... AND NEITHER CAN WE!

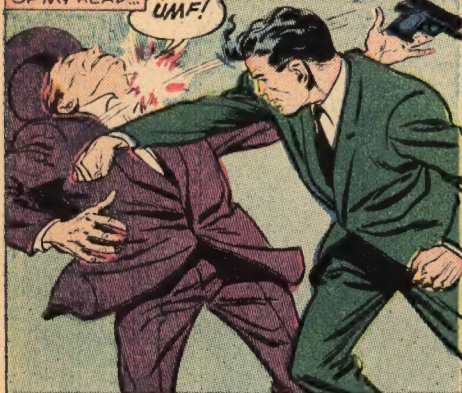
... BUT WE CAN TELL YOU WE **ARE** GOING TO TAKE IT!

DON'T BE A FOOL, ERDLEAU... GET HIM, GUISEPPE!

YOU WON'T GET MY STATUETTE TIL YOU PAY FOR IT... NEVER!

With False Gun Courage

I DON'T LIKE GUNS... ESPECIALLY ALONG THE SIDE OF MY HEAD...



DON'T MAKE ME DO IT, DUNCAN! BUT IF YOU INSIST...

I DON'T! I JUST WORK FOR THE GUY... I'M NOT INTERESTED IN DYING FOR HIM!



WISE GUY, YOU DON'T SLUG GUISEPPE MONTI AND GET AWAY WITH IT!

HOLD ON, GUISEPPE! ONE DEAD GUY IS ENOUGH FOR TONIGHT... I'LL FIX DUNCAN!

I'M GETTING IN A RUT!



THE LUG WAS PRACTICALLY A PROFESSIONAL ANESTHETIST... THERE WAS A DULL THUD AND I LOST ALL INTEREST IN THE CURRENT GOINGS-ON... BEFORE I SAILED AWAY TO DREAM-LAND, I REALIZED I HAD GOTTEN INTO SOMETHING A LOT DEEPER THAN IT LOOKED ON THE SURFACE. ERDLEAU AND HIS LICENSED INVESTIGATOR CAME TO ABOUT THE SAME TIME...



BEFORE WE GO ANY FURTHER, ERDLEAU, I WANT TO TELL YOU I QUIT UNLESS YOU FILL IN SOME OF THE MISSING DETAILS!

DUNCAN, I'LL DO MORE THAN THAT... I'LL TELL YOU PLENTY, AND GIVE YOU A THOUSAND DOLLAR BONUS IF YOU RECOVER THE STATUETTE!



ERDLEAU TOLD ME HOW HIS FATHER HAD BOUGHT THE STATUETTE IN SICILY DURING A TRIP... ERIC WAS WITH HIS FATHER AT THE TIME. IT SEEMS A GANG OF SICILIAN BANDITS ALSO HAD A GREAT INTEREST IN THE STATUE AND HAD SOLD IT TO ERIC'S FATHER FOR ONE REASON... TO ENABLE MILES ERDLEAU TO GET IT PAST THE CUSTOMS AGENTS IN THE STATES. I THOUGHT THAT OVER AND THINGS BEGAN TO MAKE A LITTLE SENSE...

THESE GANGSTERS FIGURED ON GRABBING THE STATUETTE BACK AFTER YOUR FATHER GOT IT PAST THE CUSTOMS AGENTS, EH?... THEN HE NEVER SCULPTURED IT HIMSELF...

OF COURSE NOT! FATHER BOUGHT IT THINKING HE HAD FOUND A RARE ITEM THAT HE COULD SELL IN THE STATES FOR A NICE PROFIT! — HE DIDN'T REALIZE HE WAS BEING USED BY THOSE GANGSTERS IN SICILY!



The First Robbery Is Also

WHAT HAPPENED AFTER YOU GOT THE STATUETTE SAFELY INSIDE THE STATES?

FATHER WAS CONSTANTLY HOUNDED BY MYSTERIOUS PHONE CALLS... A MAN KEPT OFFERING HIM TWICE WHAT HE PAID FOR THE MINIATURE OF VENUS DE MILO. HE REFUSED TO SELL...



...SOON AFTER, FATHER DIED IN AN AUTOMOBILE CRASH. HE WAS ALONE AT THE TIME AND IT LOOKED LIKE AN ACCIDENTAL DEATH, BUT...

...YOU THINK HE WAS KILLED BY THIS GANG... HM...



ERDLEAU CALLED HOMICIDE...

I COULD PROVE NOTHING, SO I SAID NOTHING TO THE POLICE. THE MAN MY FATHER BOUGHT THE STATUETTE FROM IN SICILY WAS LUPO RICETTI, ONE OF THE HOODS WHO MURDERED CATLEY!

DO YOU HAVE ANYTHING I CAN GO ON... ANY CLUE TO WHERE I MIGHT FIND RICETTI AND HIS PAL GIUSEPPE?



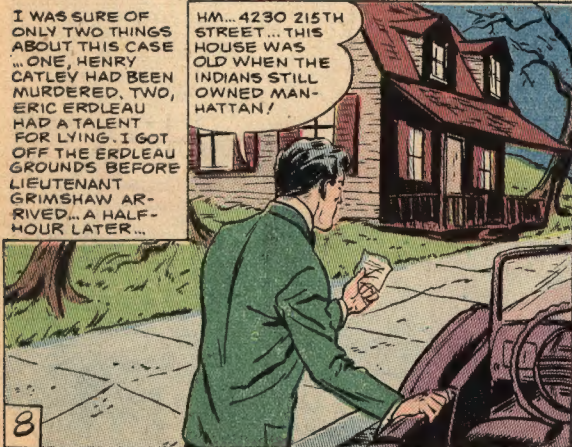
THIS IS THE ADDRESS MY FATHER WAS TO DELIVER THE STATUETTE TO. HE GOT THE ADDRESS OVER THE PHONE ABOUT A MONTH AGO... SHORTLY AFTER HE DIED OR WAS KILLED!

WHAT! GIVE ME THAT! DON'T SAY ANYTHING TO THE POLICE ABOUT MY BEING HERE... I'LL PAY A VISIT TO THIS ADDRESS!

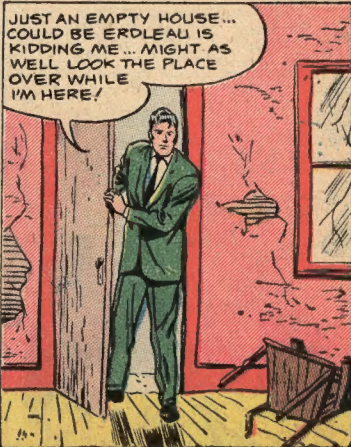


I WAS SURE OF ONLY TWO THINGS ABOUT THIS CASE... ONE, HENRY CATLEY HAD BEEN MURDERED. TWO, ERIC ERDLEAU HAD A TALENT FOR LYING. I GOT OFF THE ERDLEAU GROUNDS BEFORE LIEUTENANT GRIMSHAW ARRIVED... A HALF-HOUR LATER...

HM... 4230 215TH STREET... THIS HOUSE WAS OLD WHEN THE INDIANS STILL OWNED MANHATTAN!



JUST AN EMPTY HOUSE... COULD BE ERDLEAU IS KIDDING ME... MIGHT AS WELL LOOK THE PLACE OVER WHILE I'M HERE!



The First Move Toward Prison

I TIP-TOED AROUND THE HOUSE AND FOUND NOTHING... THEN I TRIED THE CELLAR...



OOPS! JUST THE GASMANN, FELLOWS ...DON'T BOTHER TO GET UP!

ALL RIGHT, FUNNY BOY, GET COMFORTABLE... YOU'RE GOING TO STAY HERE A WHILE... A LONG, LONG WHILE!



GET BUSY, DUNCAN ...A NICE DEEP ONE!

I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN...



I STARTED DIGGING, AND STALLING FOR A BREAK ...MAYBE ERDLEAU WOULD TELL LIEUTENANT GRIMSHAW...

WHEW! HOW ABOUT A CIGARETTE?... I'M ALMOST FINISHED.

GIVE HIM A SMOKE, GUISEPPE... HE'S DOIN' A NICE JOB ... HA, HA!



YOU BOYS DON'T STRIKE ME AS ART COLLECTORS ... BEFORE I CHECK OUT, WOULD YOU MIND LETTING ME IN ON THE BIG SECRET... WHAT'S SO VALUABLE ABOUT THIS VENUS DE MILO REPRODUCTION?

WHY, NOT, EH, LUPO? TELL HIM...



... IT STARTED MONTHS AGO IN SICILY, DUNCAN... GUISEPPE AND I NEEDED A RESPECTABLE PARTY TO GET TWO PIECES OF COPPER PAST YOUR CUSTOMS INSPECTORS ... WE GOT IN TOUCH WITH MILES ERDLEAU AND HIS SON ERIC WHO WERE VISITING IN SICILY AT THE TIME ...



... SICILY, I REMEMBERED, WAS A HOT SPOT OF COUNTERFEITING... SOME OF THE WORLD'S MOST NOTORIOUS 'ARTISTS' GOT THEIR START IN THE SICILIAN UNDERWORLD. WHEN THEIR TAKE GOT TOO BIG, MUSSOLINI PUT PRESSURE ON THEM ... AND MANY OF THEM HOPPED A BOAT TO UNCLE SAM'S SHORES I KNEW WHAT LUPO MEANT BY TWO PIECES OF COPPER ... THE BACKBONE OF ANY COUNTERFEITING RING..... COPPER PLATES!

The Criminal's Reward Is

...THIS PIECE OF MARBLE WAS SOLD BY ME TO MILES ERDLEAU FOR A THIRD OF ITS VALUE. THEN I HAD A TALK WITH ERIC...

UH-HUH... SO YOU GAVE THE COUNTERFEIT PLATES TO ERIC WHO CARVED OUT A NICHE INSIDE THE STATUETTE FOR THE PLATES!



HA, HA... NO, YOU FOOL! I HAD ALREADY CARVED THE HOLE... BUT YOU'RE VERY CLOSE...

ERDLEAU'S REPUTATION THREW THE CUSTOMS AGENTS OFF GUARD, EH? HE DIDN'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE GETTING YOUR PHONY PLATES INTO THE STATES!



NO... BUT WHEN HIS FATHER... ER... DIED, ERIC TOLD US HENRY CATLEY HAD THE ST. TUE AND THE PLATES. CATLEY WANTED \$50,000 OR HE WOULD DESTROY THE PLATES.

YOU MEAN ERIC FRAMED IT SO CATLEY TOOK ALL THE RISK IN GUARDING THE PLATES... AND I GUESS YOU WERE TO PAY CATLEY THROUGH ERIC.



THAT'S RIGHT... ERIC WASN'T SATISFIED WITH THE TEN-GRAND WE GAVE HIM TO WORK WITH US... OLD CATLEY DIED TRYING TO SAVE THE PLATES FOR ERIC... AND YOU'RE GOING TO DIE FOR HIM, TOO!



DROP YOUR GUNS... QUICK! STAY WHERE YOU ARE, DUNCAN!

HUH? ERDLEAU!

YES, I WAS CLEVER UNTIL OLD CATLEY GOT SUSPICIOUS! HE WOULDN'T RETURN THE PLATES WHEN I LOST MY NERVE AND DECIDED TO RETURN THEM TO LUPO.

THAT'S WHEN YOU HIRED ME TO STEAL THE STATUE...



YES... NOW I HAVE THE PLATES AND CAN PEDdle THEM TO ANY COUNTERFEITING SYNDICATE IN THE COUNTRY FOR A NICE PRICE... AFTER I ELIMINATE YOU THREE!



A Life of Fear and Pursuit

WELL IN THAT CASE, ERDLEAU, I THINK ...
UNH!

GET YOUR GUN, GUISEPPE!



I KEPT LOW AND GROPED MY WAY TOWARD THE STAIRS...THE CELLAR WAS ALIVE WITH ZINGING SLUGS...

THIS IS GETTING TOO BIG FOR ME ...WHAT I NEED IS SEVERAL RIOT SQUADS IN A HURRY!



DUNCAN, I'LL KILL YOU IF YOU TRY TO STOP ME!

HUH! HE'D KILL ME ANYWAY IF HE COULD SHOOT THAT CANNON ANY STRAIGHTER!

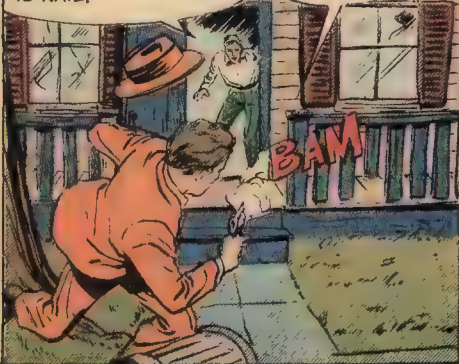


ERDLEAU WAS GONE WHEN I GOT TO THE TOP OF THE STEPS...



LUPO AND GUISEPPE WILL HAVE TO WAIT... ERDLEAU'S GOT THE PLATES AND HE'S THE ONE I'VE GOT TO NAIL!

ALL RIGHT, DUNCAN, I'M GOING TO ...
UNH!



THESE THINGS DO GET EMPTY, YOU KNOW, ERDLEAU!



Punishment Awaits All Men

UGH!

YOU CAN'T STOP ME, DUNCAN!



LOOK AT THAT GUY RUN!
UNH... MY RIBS FEEL LIKE
THE BROKEN KIND...



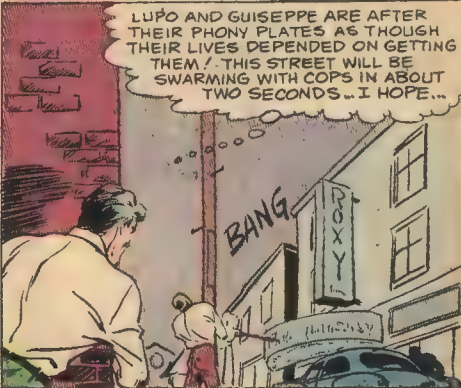
I WAS GETTING UP WHEN GUISEPPE AND LUPO
RUSHED PAST ME...

WHEW! THOSE TWO
HOODS LIKE TO THROW
LEAD AROUND!



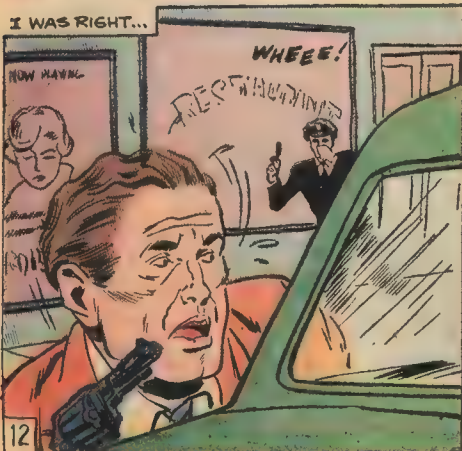
I JOINED IN THE CHASE... BY THAT TIME ERDLEAU
HAD HAD TIME TO RELOAD...

LUPO AND GUISEPPE ARE AFTER
THEIR PHONY PLATES AS THOUGH
THEIR LIVES DEPENDED ON GETTING
THEM! THIS STREET WILL BE
SWARMING WITH COPS IN ABOUT
TWO SECONDS... I HOPE...



I WAS RIGHT...

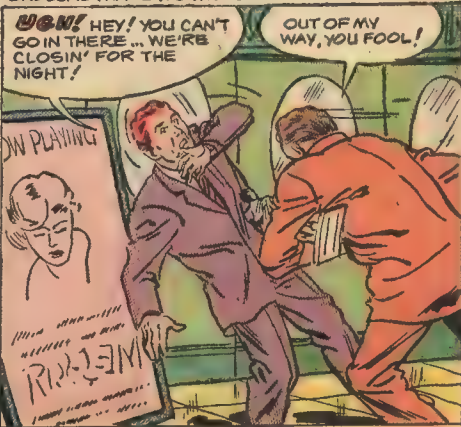
WHEE!



ERDLEAU MADE HIS MOVE...

WOM! HEY! YOU CAN'T
GO IN THERE... WE'RE
CLOSIN' FOR THE
NIGHT!

OUT OF MY
WAY, YOU FOOL!



Who Step Outside the Law

I'M STEVE DUNCAN, OFFICER... MY CREDENTIALS. WE'RE AFTER THREE GUN-HAPPY HOODLUMS, SO WATCH YOUR STEP!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, DUNCAN... LET'S GO GET 'EM!



THEY'RE IN HERE SOMEWHERE, DUNCAN... IF THEY DON'T MAKE A BREAK SOON, THE RIOT SQUAD WILL BE HERE.

I TOLD THE USHER TO CALL THEM... I HOPE THEY'RE ON THE BALL!



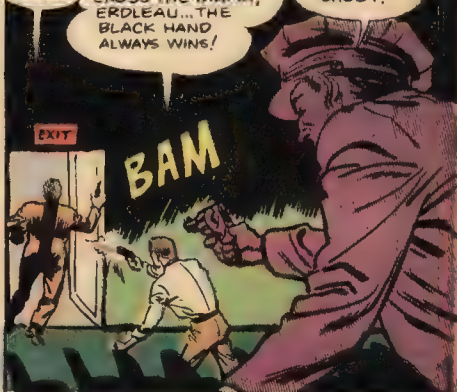
SUDDENLY...



AGH!

YOU CAN'T DOUBLE-CROSS THE MAFIA, ERDLEAU... THE BLACK HAND ALWAYS WINS!

STOP OR I'LL SHOOT!



LUPU'S THREAT HIT ME LIKE A .45 SLUG... MAFIA... THE BLACK HAND. I GOT THE PICTURE NOW... LUPO AND GUISEPPE WERE MEMBERS OF THE INFAMOUS BLACK HAND SOCIETY OF MAFIA. THEIR MISSION WAS TO SMUGGLE THE COUNTERFEIT PLATES INTO THE UNITED STATES... BUT ERDLEAU DOUBLE-CROSSED THEM... NOW THEY WEREN'T STOPPING FOR A POLICEMAN BECAUSE TO FAIL THE MAFIA MEANS ONE THING... DEATH!

UNH!

YOU'D BETTER THROW THE TOWEL IN, LUPO!

I'LL GET YOU LATER, DUNCAN!



There Is NO Perfect Crime!

STAY WITH THESE TWO DUNCAN... I'LL GET THE OTHER GUY!



CRAZY... STUNT! THOUGHT I WAS SMART... MY LAWYER... INNOCENT, DUNCAN... THOUGHT IT WAS ON LEVEL!

YOU DON'T HAVE LONG, ERDLEAU... WANT TO CLEAR 'IT UP... BEFORE YOU GO

ERDLEAU DID. IN SICILY HE HAD AGREED TO GET THE PLATES FROM THE STATUETTE AFTER HIS FATHER GOT IT PAST CUSTOMS... ERDLEAU SENIOR NEVER KNEW WHAT WAS GOING... EVEN UP TO THE TIME LUPO ENGINEERED HIS ACCIDENTAL DEATH. ERIC TRIED TO SQUEEZE \$50,000 MORE OUT OF LUPO, BUT LUPO DIDN'T SQUEEZE, INSTEAD HE THREATENED SUDDEN DEATH. BUT WHEN ERIC WANTED THE STATUE FROM CATLEY THE OLD GUY WOULDN'T PLAY BALL... THAT'S WHERE I CAME IN...

THOUGHT YOU... COULD GET IT OFF CATLEY, DUNCAN... I WANTED TO GIVE IT BACK TO LUPO... I COULDN'T... THEY CAME... TIED ME UP. I SENT THEM TO CATLEY'S HUT...

I INTERRUPTED THEIR SEARCH AND GOT CLUBBED FOR MY TROUBLE...



AFTER THEY TOOK THE STATUETTE, MY COURAGE RETURNED... I SENT YOU AFTER IT... FIGURED TO KILL ALL THREE OF YOU... SELL STATUETTE TO OTHER COUNTERFEITERS... LOOKS LIKE I LOSE ALL AROUND...



YEAH, ERIC, JUST LIKE EVERY OTHER MUG WHO GETS TANGLED UP IN THE PHONEY MONEY BUSINESS!



I THINK THE GUY COULD HAVE GOTTEN AWAY IF THIS STATUE HADN'T SLOWED HIM DOWN... HE HAD TO SHOOT IT OUT... HE LOST!

HM... THE OLD GIRL HERSELF. LET'S SEE... THE PLATES SHOULD BE SOMEWHERE IN THE BOTTOM.



WHA... SAY, WHAT GOES ON, DUNCAN?

BEAUTIFUL PLATES FOR PHONEY TEN DOLLAR BILLS, OFFICER... GOOD THING THEY'RE GOING OUT OF CIRCULATION... THEY'D HAVE GIVEN THE SECRET SERVICE BOYS A HEADACHE!



SECRET SERVICE AGENTS ARE IN POSSESSION OF THE COPPER PLATES NOW... THE BLACK HAND SOCIETY OF MAFIA HAS LOST A COUPLE MORE MEMBERS... AND I, STEVE DUNCAN, LICENSED INVESTIGATOR, SAY IF YOU DECIDE TO EARN A LIVING THE HARD WAY, BEING A PRIVATE DETECTIVE THAT IS, BE SURE TO COLLECT YOUR FEE IN ADVANCE... SOMETIMES THEY'RE NOT AROUND WHEN YOU CLOSE THE CASE...



NOW
For the
First Time
Anywhere!

HERE'S THE BOOK YOU'VE
BEEN WAITING FOR—

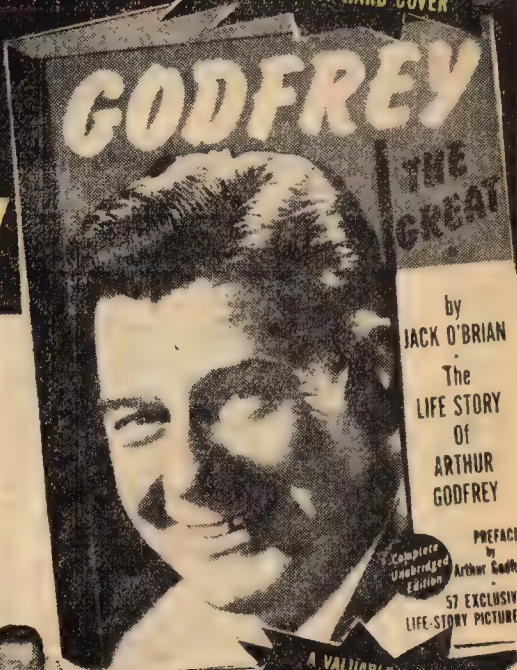
The Only Complete, Unabridged

JUST OFF THE PRESS
IN A HANDSOMELY BOUND
PERMANENT HARD COVER

LIFE STORY of ARTHUR GODFREY

by Jack O'Brian

HERE is the only up-to-the-minute biography ever written about Arthur Godfrey. Excitingly written by Jack O'Brian—it painstakingly reveals the feelings, trials, struggles and strife that marked the great Godfrey's rise from run-a-way lad to the most fabulous personality in the annals of mass communication. GODFREY THE GREAT emerges as one of the must books of our times.



by
JACK O'BRIAN
The
LIFE STORY
OF
ARTHUR
GODFREY

PREFACE
by
Arthur Godfrey
57 EXCLUSIVE
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YOU'LL LEARN GODFREY'S INSIDE STORY—

How a dream affected Godfrey's life — What made January 26, 1934 an important date in his career — What Godfrey's former neighbors say about him and his wife — What Godfrey's salary is — What the Duke of Windsor said to Arthur Godfrey — What goes on at the table when Arthur and his family have dinner at home—The incident that made Godfrey blush —

AND THOUSANDS MORE NEW, INTIMATE NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED FACTS!

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 - As a child and young boy.
 - His early days in radio.
 - Intimate photos of his wife and children.
 - Godfrey with motion picture, radio and stage friends.
 - First photos of his luxurious plane.
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Dear Jack:

...it's the kind of story I thought never would be published until they started writing my obituaries!

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OFFICIAL RECORD
"PERFECT
CRIME"
NO. 7269
COMPLETED
JANUARY 23, 1950

Two and Two make Five!

I COULD ADD ALL
RIGHT. I KNEW THAT
2 AND 2 HAVE TO MAKE
FOUR.. THAT WAS THE
BEAUTIFUL PART OF MY
SLAY RIDE. I KNEW THAT
IF I COULD GET TWO OF
THEM TO KILL OFF THE
OTHER TWO THAT WOULD
MEAN I ONLY HAD TO
KILL THE LAST TWO!
AND TWO PLUS TWO
ALWAYS MAKE FOUR...
EXCEPT AS IN MY CASE
WHEN THEY MADE... FIVE!

EASY MONEY CAN SOMETIMES BE THE
HARDEST OF ALL... I CAME OUT OF THE
BIG HOUSE ON A SNOWY DAY IN JANUARY...



I HAD DOPED IT ALL OUT UP THERE
IN SING SING.. OF COURSE I HAD HAD
A LOT OF TIME TO THINK THERE...



Fear Is a Mark of All Criminals

I HEADED STRAIGHT FOR MY OLD HAUNTS,
IT WAS GOOD SEEING THE BIG STREET AGAIN

NO TIME FOR THE BABES NOW... BUT
THERE'LL BE PLENTY WHEN I GET
MY PLAN GOING... WHEN I'M
LOADED WITH LOOT... HA...
THOSE BOOKING AGENTS
...THAT'S THE PLACE
TO START!



I HARD HELED MY WAY
UPSTAIRS... IT WAS A CRUMMY
BUILDING, HOUSING ONLY
CRUMBS, BUT THAT'S WHAT
I WANTED... AN HONEST
BOOKING AGENT WOULD
NOT HAVE BEEN ANY GOOD.

GARROW!
HE'S A
CREEP IF
THERE EVER
WAS ONE,
HE'LL BE
JUST THE
PIGEON I
NEED...
HA!

BEN
GARRO
BOOKING
AGENT



DID HE EVER GO FOR IT! HE ALMOST
DROOLED WHEN I OUTLINED WHAT I HAD
IN MY MIND. I PLAYED IT STUPID...
AT LEAST IT LOOKED THAT WAY...

YEAH, LET'S DROP
THE SONG AND DANCE.
IT'S ME. NOW DON'T
DROP THE HEATER
OUT OF YOUR KISSER,
BUT I WANT A HIRE
SOME ENTERTAINERS!

YOU... BALL...
EIGHT BALL!
OUTA STIR, HUH...
YOU WANT TO
HIRE SOME TALENT?
FOR WHAT?



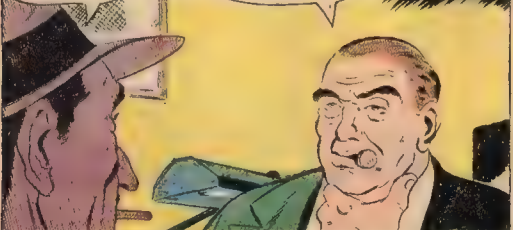
HE WENT FOR IT, JUST LIKE I FIGURED!
I KNEW HE'D RISE TO THE IDEA OF
SOME LOOSE LOOT.

BE READY, YOU
AND FRANKY,
TONIGHT... AND...
YOU MIGHT CARRY
SOME HELP
WITH YOU...

GUNS? OKAY...
BUT I'LL WANNA
KNOW A LOT MORE
ABOUT THE SETUP
TONIGHT! I AIN'T
WALKIN' IN BLIND!

A COUPLE GUYS
WHO CAN HOOF
A LITTLE, BUT
I WANT THEM
TO BE HARD
GUYS, SEE?

UH HUH. LOOK, BALL...
IF I KNOW WHAT YOU
GOT IN MIND, HOW
ABOUT FRANKY LISLE AND ME.
I USED TO HOOF WHEN I
WAS YOUNGER



I QUIETED HIM DOWN AND LEFT...

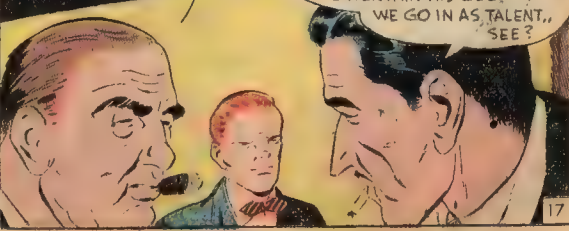
OLD GREEDY GUTS IS SITTING UP THERE
NOW TRYIN' TO DOPE OUT HOW TO USE
ME AND THEN CUT ME OUT...
BUT I GOT THAT
COVERED TOO...



THAT
NIGHT...

BALL, YOU
KNOW LISLE.
NOW WHAT'S
THE PITCH?
WE'RE LOADED

IF IT GOES LIKE I HOPE IT DOES WE
WON'T NEED ANY HEAT. THAT'S JUST
IN CASE. NOW LISSSEN... OLD MAN
YANNING IS THROWING A BIG
SHIN-DIG TONIGHT. HE'S HAVING
A LOT OF TALENT UP TO
ENTERTAIN HIS GUESTS.
WE GO IN AS TALENT...
SEE?



The Web of Justice Dips Deep

MY CELL MATE IN STIR HAD DRAWN ME A PERFECT PLAN OF VANNING'S HOUSE. I COULD HAVE FOUND MY WAY AROUND IT BLINDFOLDED. WHEN WE GOT THERE...



WE'RE ENTERTAINERS. WHERE SHALL WE GO?

THE BUTLER LED US BACKSTAIRS, THERE WERE LOTS OF OTHER ACTS THERE... ALL WARMING UP READY TO GO ON...



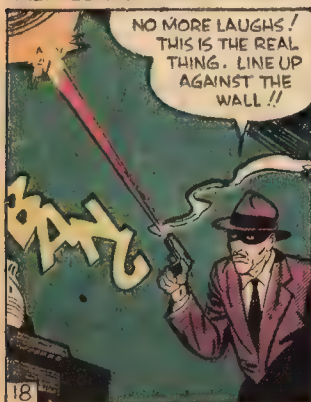
THE WHOLE THING WENT LIKE A CHARM... GARROW MADE SURE THAT OUR ACT WENT ON EARLY... IT WAS A PIP... WE WORE MASKS...



THIS WAS THE BASIS OF MY IDEA. THE DANCE GOT US RIGHT OUT IN FRONT OF ALL THE PEOPLE. THEN...



THEY FOUND OUT HOW CLEVER!!!

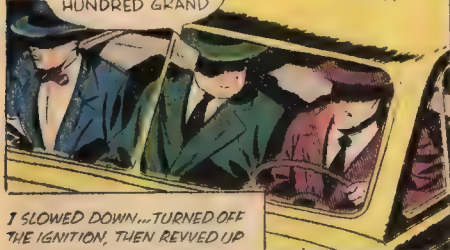


Into the Grimy Underworld

IT ALL WORKED LIKE CLOCK WORK... WITHIN TEN MINUTES WE WERE HEADING FOR THE FENCE... I HAD HAD A TALK WITH THE FENCE... A LONG ONE...

I GOTTA HAND IT TO YOU BALL, THAT WAS A REAL SMART CAPER. WE MUSTA LIFTED ABOUT TWO HUNDRED GRAND

YEAH... NOW LET'S SEE HOW SMART YOU ARE...



I SLOWED DOWN... TURNED OFF THE IGNITION, THEN REVVED UP THE MOTOR... THE BACKFIRE COVERED THE SOUND OF THE SHOT... AND WE WERE ON OUR WAY TO THE FENCE...



STEP ON IT, BALL. HE'S DONE FOR!

HE DID A DOUBLE TAKE WHEN I POINTED MY THUMB AT LISLE... BUT HE GOT THE IDEA QUICK... HE HAD HIS GUN OUT BEFORE LISLE KNEW WHAT HAD HAPPENED...

WHY CUT IN THE UMPCHAY?

YOU'RE SO RIGHT. WE DON'T NEED HIM NO MORE... OUT... LISLE... OUT ON THE ROAD...



I STEPPED ON IT FAST. I DIDN'T WANT GARROW GETTING ANY IDEAS...

WE'RE DOING SIXTY-FIVE, CHUM. IF YOU LAY A BULLET IN ME THE CAR CRASHES AND WE BOTH DIE, SEE?

AW, LOOK PALLY, I WOULDN'T DOUBLE CROSS YOU...



NOT MUCH HE WOULDN'T... BUT I HAD THAT ANGLE COVERED TOO...

GENTLEMEN! I WAS JUST BEGINNING TO WORRY ABOUT YOU!

IT'S IN THE BAG... IN THESE BAGS AS A MATTER OF FACT.

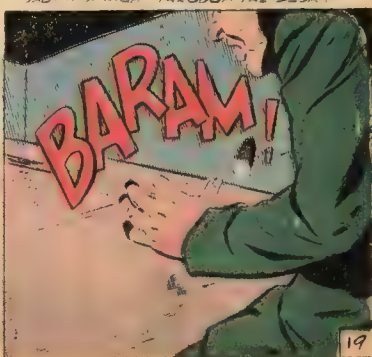


WHAT DOES IT LOOK LIKE IT'S WORTH?

BETTER THAN TWO HUNDRED GEES... AND NOW THAT IT'S ONLY A THREE WAY SPLIT INSTEAD OF FOUR... THAT MEANS A LOT FOR EACH OF US



BUT ANY WAY MEANT EVEN MORE... THE FENCE SHOT HIM RIGHT THROUGH THE DESK!



The Spiral of Crime Inevitably

DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT IT, CHUM. I DID A LITTLE ERRAND BEFORE I WENT ON THE HEIST TONIGHT. CALL UP HOME.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN BALL?

CALL UP AND SEE IF YOUR WIFE IS HOME...

YOU MEAN YOU KIDNAPPED HER? HELLO... HELLO... GASP...

YOU GOT ME, BALL. I WON'T DO ANYTHING.

YOU CAN'T DO ANYTHING! NOT IF YOU WANT YOUR WIFE BACK! NOW, THEN LET'S TALK BUSINESS. I DON'T WANT ANY TWENTY PERCENT OF WHAT THESE JEWELS ARE WORTH.

OF COURSE THE WIFE WAS DEAD, I HAD TO DO THAT! I COULDN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES. BUT, THE FENCE DIDN'T KNOW THAT. OH I WAS SMART ALL RIGHT! LISLE... DEAD... GARROW... DEAD... THE WIFE DEAD... THREE ALL GONE... IT ONLY LEFT ONE TO GO...

HURRY UP, GET IT OPEN IF I DON'T GET BACK TO MY STASH IN TWENTY MINUTES YOUR WIFE GETS IT!

I AM... I'M HURRYING... TAKE WHAT I GOT... BUT LEAVE MY WIFE ALONE!

AS SOON AS HE GOT THE SAFE OPEN I FINISHED MY LITTLE SUM IN ARITHMETIC... TWO AND TWO MAKE FOUR... OR THREE AND ONE MAKE FOUR... IT HADDA BE FOUR NO MATTER HOW YOU COUNTED... HA... I WAS SMART!

NOW I GOT ALL THE LOOT AND ALL THE FENCE'S DOUGH TOO. THIS IS GONNA BE ONE OF THE BIGGEST SCORES THERE EVER WAS!

WHEN I LEFT THERE I WAS REALLY LOADED. THERE WAS BETTER THAN A HUNDRED GRAND IN THE FENCE'S SAFE....

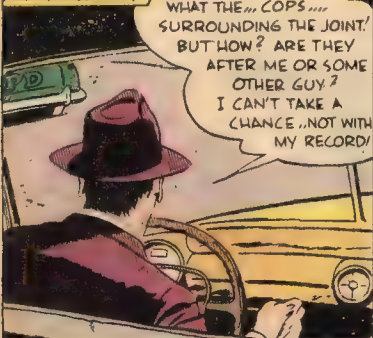
NOW THE SLATE'S ALL CLEAN. AND I'M ALL SET FOR A CLEAN START. THERE'S NOTHING I CAN'T DO NOW. THE WORLD IS MINE!

IT SURE WAS.. WITH ALL THAT DOUGH I COULD BUY ANYTHING I WANTED..

I CHECK OUTA THIS CRUMB JOINT RIGHT NOW, AND THEN... THE BEST FOR BALL! NOTHING BUT THE BEST FROM NOW ON!

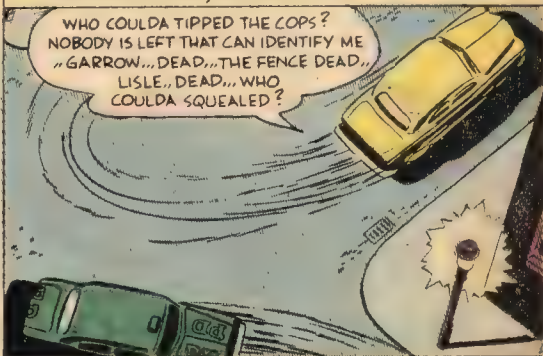
Winds Down to An Unmarked Grave

RIGHT THEN IT BEGAN TO SOUR..THE HOTEL WAS STAKED OUT!



WHAT THE... COPS...
SURROUNDING THE JOINT!
BUT HOW? ARE THEY
AFTER ME OR SOME
OTHER GUY?
I CAN'T TAKE A
CHANCE..NOT WITH
MY RECORD!

I ZOOMED OUT OF THERE,BUT QUICK..BUT IT WASN'T QUITE QUICK ENOUGH



WHO COULDA TIPPED THE COPS?
NOBODY IS LEFT THAT CAN IDENTIFY ME
"GARROW...DEAD...THE FENCE DEAD..
LISLE, DEAD...WHO
COULDA SQUEALED?

IT WAS ENOUGH TO DRIVE YOU NUTS. HERE I HAD MADE ONE OF THE BIGGEST TAKES IN CRIME HISTORY AND I HADDA GO ON THE LAM..



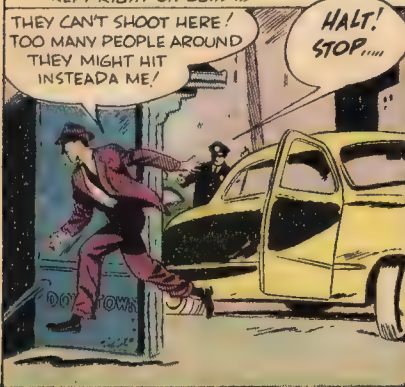
THIS TRAFFIC IS GONNA FOUL ME UP.
BUT IF I DITCH THE CAR I WON'T BE
ABLE TO TAKE ALL THE LOOT WITH ME..
MAYBE IF I LEAVE THE GEMS WHICH
I WOULD HAVE TROUBLE
FENCIN' NOW ANYHOW AND
JUST TAKE THE DOUGH...

I DROVE WITH ONE HAND AND STUFFED THAT BEAUTIFUL GREEN STUFF IN MY POCKETS WITH THE OTHER...



IT'S GETTIN' A LITTLE TOO HOT
"I BETTER GET GOIN'...THE SUBWAY MAYBE..

I PILED THE CAR UP ON THE CURB AND KEPT RIGHT ON GOIN'...



THEY CAN'T SHOOT HERE!
TOO MANY PEOPLE AROUND
THEY MIGHT HIT
INSTEAD A ME!

HALT!
STOP....

I DUCKED DOWN THE SUBWAY WITH THEM RIGHT ON MY HEELS...

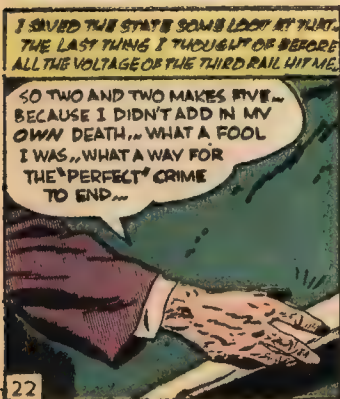
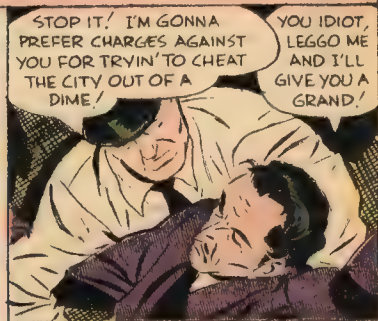
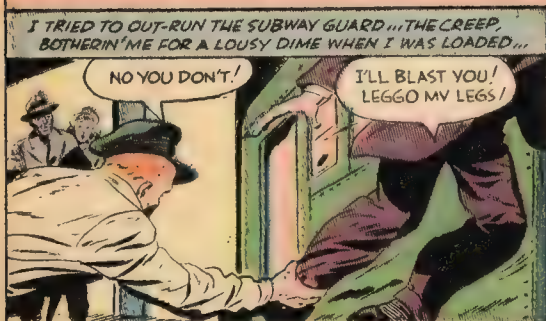


HEY YOU...YOU GOTTA PAY A DIME!

BEAT IT CHUM,OR I'LL DROP YOU!

WITH ALL THAT DOUGH I DIDN'T HAVE A DIME ON ME..
I HADDA RUN FOR IT..

There Is NO Perfect Crime!

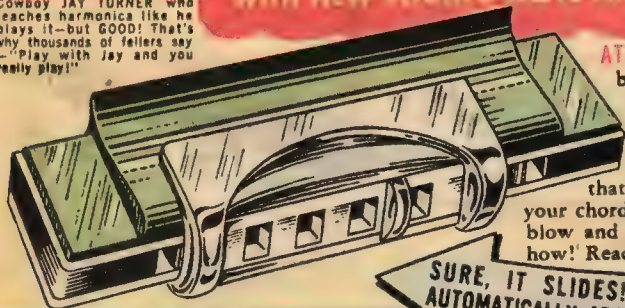




**Radio's Super-Special
HARMONICA STAR**
Cowboy JAY TURNER who
teaches harmonica like he
plays it—but GOOD! That's
why thousands of fellas say
— "Play with Jay and you
really play!"

Play Red Hot HARMONICA MUSIC In 8 Minutes Flat!

HIGH CHORDS AND THICKEST TUNES A TRAIL
WITH NEW SLIDING NOTE FINDER HARMONICA!



AT LAST, a way to get hep to
being a real harmonica maestro
in a few **FAST MINUTES!**

Leave it to Big Jay to dope out
a sensational new "SLIDING
NOTE FINDER" Harmonica
that picks out your notes . . . adds
your chords . . . does **EVERYTHING** but
blow and take your bows! Fun . . . and
how! Read exciting details below!

**SURE, IT SLIDES! PICKS OUT ANY MELODY!
AUTOMATICALLY ADDS CHORDS! NO NOTES TO READ!**



LOOK! FREE!

**JAY'S NEW, ALL-PICTURE
SPEED COURSE!**

**YOU LEARN LATEST
RHYTHM ROPES**
whizzing through Jay's
exciting Speed Course!
You don't even have to
read a note of music. You just whiz along
with plain-as-plain **PICTURE** directions.
Then in 8 zippy minutes, you're whizzing
through harmonica music that makes
super-swell listening. Speed Course gives
super-swell listening. Speed Course gives
super-swell listening. Speed Course gives
your all-time favorites like—Yankee
Doodle, Old Black Joe, Oh, My Little Dar-
dling, For He's A Jolly Good Fellow, Home
Sweet Home, Reuben Reuben, Comin'
Thro' The Rye, Pop Goes The Weasel—
and 30 MORE!



Honest, Pal, you don't know what real fun
is 'til you get "harmonica hot" the exciting
Jay Turner way! Boy, Oh Boy! Watch the
gang gather when you swing those cowboy
favorites! Hear 'em whistle and sing as
you roll into "Little Brown Jug" and "Oh!
Susanna!" And will you have to beat it fast
to escape the girls' Sinatra-swoons. Then at
dances, hikes, picnics wherever pals and
gals get together, who's Mr. Popularity?
Nobody else but **you!**

**A KINCH WITH JAY'S
SLIDING NOTE FINDER!**

You name it! Be-bop or swing, cowboy or
hillbilly tunes, waltzes, hot jazz or jumpin'
jive—Jay's magic **SLIDING NOTE FINDER**

actually picks out the right notes for you as it slides back and forth
over the top of your harmonica! You don't fuss around trying to
blow through 10 different openings of the harmonica. Instead, you
use just **ONE SINGLE** opening in your **MAGIC SLIDING NOTE
FINDER**. Right away you're playing the melody. Then, like magic,
the **NOTE FINDER** automatically adds the right chords—and
you're making like a real radio professional!

REAL JAY'S NO RISK OFFER TODAY!

When your pal, Jay, says "No Risk"—he means just that! So treat yourself to this
never-before harmonica deal today. Then if in 5 minutes flat you're not playing
actual tunes, just shoot back the MAGIC "SLIDING NOTE FINDER" HARMONICA,
and you get your dollar back at once! **HURRY**, this may be your last chance!

Plus FREE

**DOPE ON
HARMONICA TRICKS!**

Want to imitate a train coming in? Scare
all the girls with hair-raising "Ghost
Noises"? It's **EASY** with Jay wising you
up on these and lots more professional
harmonica tricks!

RUSH THE COURSE TODAY!

JAY TURNER, Dept. A-124, 54 East 9th St., New York 3, N. Y.

OKAY, JAY! I enclose \$1.00. Shoot me my **MAGIC "SLIDING
NOTE FINDER" HARMONICA**, plus **FREE SPEED COURSE**
and **FREE** dope on **HARMONICA TRICKS**. If I'm not delighted,
I may return the Harmonica in 5 days, and get my \$1 right back.

Name Please Print Plainly

Address

City Zone State

JAY TURNER, 54 East 9th St., New York 3, N. Y.

The Case of the Cracked Disc Jockey

OFFICIAL
RECORD
PERFECT
CRIME
NO. 7520
COMPLETED
APRIL 6, 1950
BY POLICE
BULLETS

HOW MANY THOUSAND TIMES CAN YOU WISH A GUY WAS DEAD BEFORE THE THOUGHT FINALLY TAKES FORM THAT MAYBE YOU CAN HELP YOUR WISH ALONG? I DON'T KNOW, BUT ONE NIGHT IT WORKED ITSELF OUT IN MY MIND... THE PERFECT CRIME — THE **PERFECT** WAY TO KILL A RIVAL DISC JOCKEY... IT HAD NO LOOP-HOLES... IT WAS **PERFECT!**

HERE'S A REQUEST... "I'LL BE GLAD WHEN YOU'RE DEAD..." HA, HA... NO!



I WAS HARD AT WORK WHEN THE IDEA OCCURRED TO ME...

HERE'S A NEW RELEASE THAT WILL GIVE YOU A MIGRAINE HEADACHE... AND I'M SURE IT'LL BE REAL POPULAR...



HMM... MIGRAINE... BAD HEADACHE... YEAH... HE'S A HEADACHE TO ME, BUT I KNOW HOW TO GIVE HIM A PERMANENT HEADACHE...



The Reward of Crime Is Prison

THAT WAS THE BEGINNING OF THE MURDER IDEA... BUT IT ALL STARTED LONG BEFORE. WE BOTH BECAME DISC JOCKEYS AT ABOUT THE SAME TIME...

HERE WE GO WITH THE PLATTERS, KID... BET I HAVE MORE OF A FOLLOWING THAN YOU INSIDE THE YEAR!

IT'S A BET, MAN... MAY THE BEST MAN WIN... HO, HO!

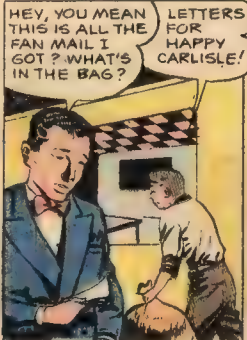
INSIDE OF A YEAR HE WAS TEN TIMES MORE POPULAR THAN I. AS THE YEARS ROLLED ON, HE BECAME MORE POPULAR AS I JUST STRUGGLED ALONG...

HEY, YOU MEAN THIS IS ALL THE FAN MAIL I GOT? WHAT'S IN THE BAG?

LETTERS FOR HAPPY CARLISLE!

THERE WAS A LOT MORE... A GIRL I HAD A YEN FOR...

THE DIRTY RAT... I SAW HER FIRST AND HE MARRIES HER!



AS HIS SALARY WENT UP, MINE WENT DOWN... I WAS CUT TO JUST A FIFTEEN MINUTE SPOT ON THE AIR... THAT WAS WHEN I GOT MY IDEA...

"HAPPY"... I'LL MAKE HIM UNHAPPY! THIS HIGH FREQUENCY SETUP WILL GET HIM!

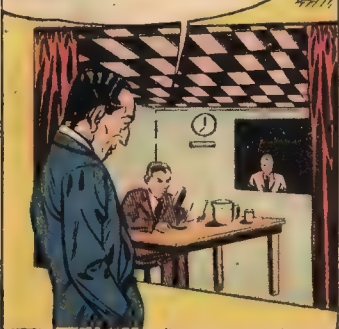


THERE'S A FUNNY THING ABOUT HIGH FREQUENCY RADIO WAVES... IF YOU TUNE THEM UP HIGH ENOUGH, THE HUMAN EAR CAN'T HEAR THEM, BUT IF THEY ARE POINTED AT YOU THEY GIVE YOU THE WORST HEADACHE THERE EVER WAS. I PLANTED THE GADGET...



THAT NIGHT...

AND HERE'S YOUR HAPPY BOY ONCE MORE GIVING YOU THE LATEST ON WAXES AND SAYES...



GRIN EVERYBODY... GRIN ALONG WITH OLD HAPPY & HE... OOOOH, MY HEAD!



The Mills of Justice

I WAS HAPPY THIS TIME, FOR HAPPY WAS ALL RIGHT TILL HE WENT ON THE AIR. AS SOON AS HE WENT TO WORK, HE GOT A HEADACHE... IT BAFFLED HIM...

WHAT'S WRONG, HAPPY... YOU DON'T SEEM YOUR CHEERFUL SELF?

I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT, BEN... I'M FINE TILL I GET TO WORK. THEN MY HEAD FEELS LIKE IT'S GOING TO EXPLODE!

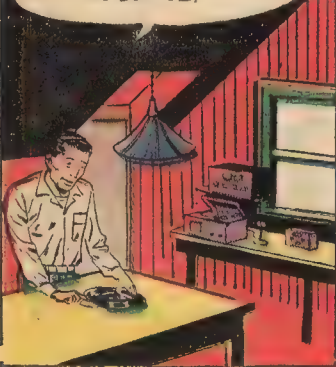


I LET IT GO AT THAT FOR A MONTH. HAPPY'S HEADACHE BEGAN TO AFFECT HIS STYLE. SOON HE WAS NO LONGER THE HAPPY KID AND HIS FANS BEGAN TO DROP HIM. BUT THAT WAS ONLY THE BEGINNING OF MY PLAN...

NOW THAT I'VE ESTABLISHED THAT HAPPY IS SICK, IT'S TIME FOR THE NEXT STEP. WHAT POETIC JUSTICE... TO KILL HIM WITH A RECORD... HA, HA!



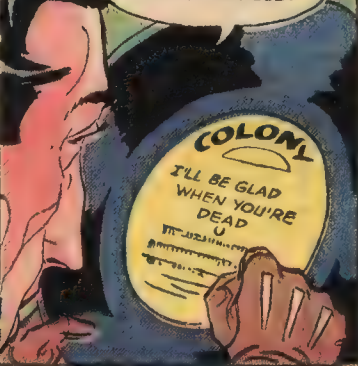
IT'S EASY ENOUGH TO MAKE THESE PLASTIC RECORDS RAZOR SHARP... NOW FOR A LITTLE OF THE CONTENTS OF THIS BOTTLE!



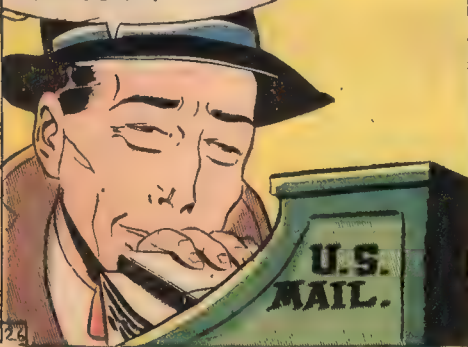
CURARE... THE POISON THAT KILLS WITH NO TRACE. THE SETUP IS PERFECT. HIS HEAD-ACHES WILL POINT TO SOMETHING WRONG WITH HIS HEAD... SO WHEN HE DROPS DEAD, IT'LL SEEM NATURAL... HA!



A PERFECT TITLE... NOW I SEND THIS TO HIM AND PHONE A REQUEST FOR HIM TO PLAY IT... AND THAT'S THE END OF HAPPY CARLISLE!



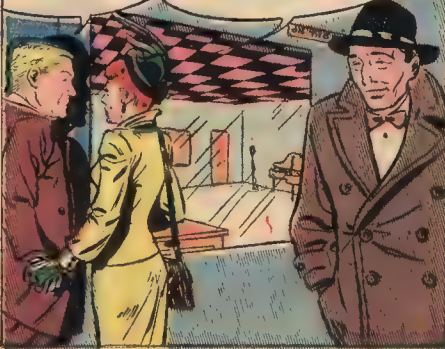
NOW ALL I HAVE TO DO IS WORK REAL HARD ON MY PROGRAM SO THAT WHEN HE POPS OFF THEY CALL ON ME TO TAKE OVER HIS SHOW!



... AND THAT'S JUST ABOUT THE WAY IT WORKED...

SO LONG, DEAR, SEE YOU AFTER THE SHOW.

ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE WELL ENOUGH? TAKE IT EASY, DEAR.



Grind Slow But Sure

I WISH HAPPY FELT BETTER... I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT'S BEEN WRONG WITH HIM!

I WOULDN'T WORRY, HONEY... HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT.



THEN... HEY, BEN, TAKE OVER TILL WE FIND OUT WHAT'S WRONG WITH HAPPY!

SURE... GEE, I HOPE HE'S ALL RIGHT!



HI, PEOPLES, THIS IS YOUR OLD FRIEND BEN BLANE TAKING OVER THE AIRLANE FOR HAPPY, WHO ISN'T FEELING WELL TONIGHT...



THE ONLY BAD THING WAS THAT I HADN'T HAD TIME TO TURN OFF THE HIGH FREQUENCY COIL GADGET... BUT THIS WAS ONE HEADACHE I WAS WILLING TO GRIN AND BEAR...

AND NOW THAT'S OVER, LET'S GET TO THE MEAT OF THE SHOW, THE REQUESTS FROM ALL YOU GOOD PEOPLE... AH, HERE'S ONE...



GEE, THAT'S FUNNY... NOW BEN IS MAKING FACES AS THOUGH HE HAD A HEADACHE... WONDER WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT?



...COH, A GOODY... SOMEONE'S SENT IN AN OLD TIME RECORD FOR US TO PLAY... THIS IS ONE OF THE HIGH SPOTS OF HAPPY'S PROGRAM SO...



MY STOMACH LURCHED AS I LOOKED AT THE LABEL ON THE RECORD WHICH HAD NEVER BEEN TAKEN OUT OF ITS PACKAGE...



Every Man's Hand Is Turned

BUT I FELT EVEN WORSE WHEN THE DOOR SLOWLY OPENED AND...
GASP... BUT YOU'RE DEAD!
ME?... DEAD? — WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

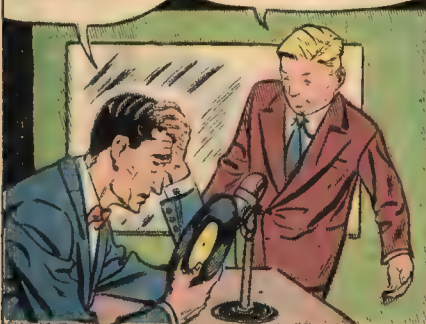


OH... YOU MEAN WHEN I PASSED OUT FROM THE PAIN OF MY HEADACHE?... AS SOON AS THEY TOOK ME OUT I FELT BETTER!
B... BUT... THE RECORD...



EVERYTHING WENT BLACK FOR A MOMENT... HE HAD **NEVER** OPENED THE PACKAGE... HE HAD **NOT** BEEN POISONED... THE GADGET WAS HAMMERING AWAY AT MY BRAIN...

OHH... MY HEAD... YOU ALIVE... MY PLAN SHOT...
BEN, ARE YOU SICK? YOU'RE TALKING CRAZY!



PAIN... PAIN IN MY HEAD... YOU... YOU'VE GOT TO DIE... I'LL KILL YOU...

HELP... HE'S GONE NUTS... HE'S CRAZY!



EVERY RADIO THAT TUNED IN RECEIVED HIS WILD AND FUTILE CALL FOR HELP...

HELP... HE'S GONE CRAZY... SAVE ME!
WHAT KINDA NON-SENSE IS THIS? I THOUGHT THIS WAS A DISC JOCKEY SHOW!



BEN... WHAT ARE YOU DOING? — A RECORD CAN'T HURT...

CAN'T HURT... HAH, HAH... NO... NO!



Against All Lawbreakers

MY HEAD... IT'S GOING TO
BREAK WIDE OPEN...
MUST TURN OFF THE
HIGH
FREQUENCY...

BEN, WHAT'S
THE MATTER
WITH YOU...
WHAT HAP-
PENED TO
HAPPY?

ASK HIM...
GO ON ASK
... SEE IF
HE'S STILL
HAPPY...
HA, HA!

AS SOON AS THE ULTRA SOUNDS STOPPED,
I REALIZED WHAT I'D DONE ... RUINED MY
PERFECT PLAN. I HAD MURDERED HIM IN
FRONT OF A WITNESS...

COPS... THEY'LL KNOW AS
SOON AS THEY SEE THE
GASH THE RECORD CUT...
GOTTA GET OUT... CAN'T
LET ENGINEER STOP
ME...



POLICE... HELP!--
YOU KILLED HIM...
HELP!

SHUT UP, OR I'LL
KILL YOU, TOO!

THERE WAS NO TIME... THE WHOLE THING HAD GONE
OUT OVER THE AIR...

STOP... WHAT'S GOIN' ON
HERE... HALT OR
I'LL FIRE!



HALT OR I'LL FIRE...
BARAM!
BAM!

HEY, THAT'S A REAL
GUNSHOT IF I EVER
HEARD ONE... THIS
IS NO PLAY-- THIS
IS FOR REAL!



STOP, YOU FOOL
... DON'T...

BARAM!

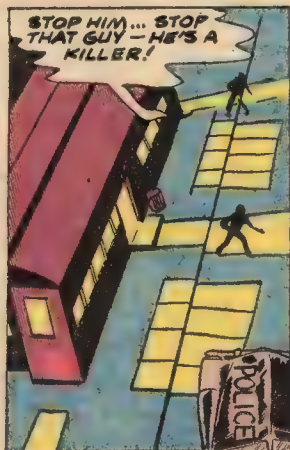


There Is NO Perfect Crime!

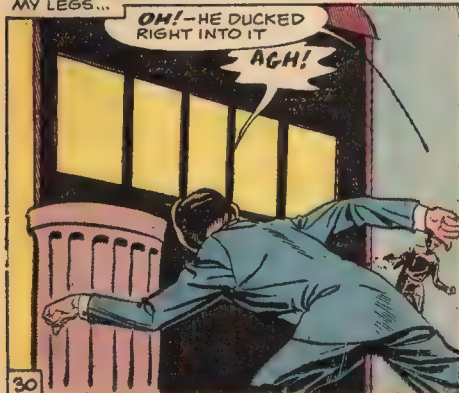
BACK IN THE STUDIO, THE ENGINEER REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS...



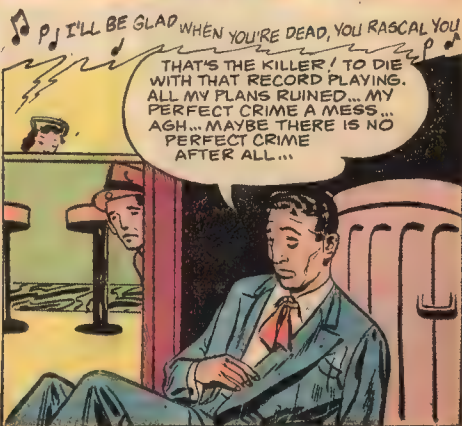
I DROPPED THE LAST TWENTY FEET TO THE GROUND...THE BULLETS COULDN'T HIT ME...



I DUCKED AND RAN. THEY AIMED LOW AT MY LEGS...



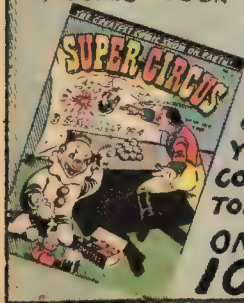
30



LOOK FOR THE
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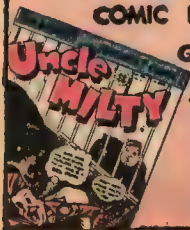
GET
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HERE'S MILTON BERLE

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Uncle MILTY

COMIC BOOK



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only \$1.00. Or you can get six
for 50¢. If you want twelve,
just fill out the coupon below and
draw a circle around twelve
numbers. If you choose six, draw
a circle around the numbers of
your selection. Mail with your
money—we'll do the rest. But act
NOW, while these splendid
photographs are still
available.

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you took these pictures yourself!

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AVAILABLE

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| 2. Maudslaw Castle | 22. Rita Hayworth |
| 3. Ray Rogers | 23. Red Skelton |
| 4. Dale Evans | 24. George Mar |
| 5. Lane Turner | 25. Alan Ladd |
| 6. Perry Como | 26. Richard Widmark |
| 7. Al Jolson | 27. Mickey Rourke |
| 8. Bing Crosby | 28. Dorothy Lamour |
| 9. Howard Duff | 29. Ray Milland |
| 10. Betty Grable | 30. Arthur Godfrey |
| 11. Bob Hope | 31. Linda Darnell |
| 12. Marie Wilson | |
| 13. Doug Fairbanks Jr. | |
| 14. Cary Grant | |
| 15. Robert Montgomery | |
| 16. Robert Young | |
| 17. Elizabeth Taylor | |
| 18. Phil Harris | |
| 19. Alice Faye | |
| 20. Eddie Cantor | |
| 21. Lanny Ross | |
| 22. Abbott & Costello | |
| 23. Sid Caesar | |
| 24. Vera Vague | |
| 25. Jimmy Durante | |
| 26. Fred Allen | |
| 27. George Murphy | |
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Draw a circle
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numbers you
want.

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| 2 | 15 | 28 |
| 3 | 16 | 29 |
| 4 | 17 | 30 |
| 5 | 18 | 31 |
| 6 | 19 | 32 |
| 7 | 20 | 33 |
| 8 | 21 | 34 |
| 9 | 22 | 35 |
| 10 | 23 | 36 |
| 11 | 24 | 37 |
| 12 | 25 | 38 |
| 13 | 26 | |

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New York City 18

I enclose \$_____ for _____ special pictures of my
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Name _____

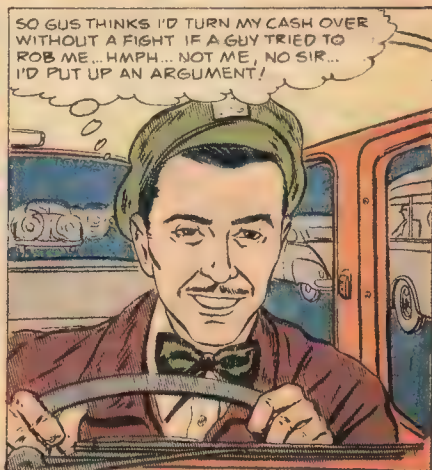
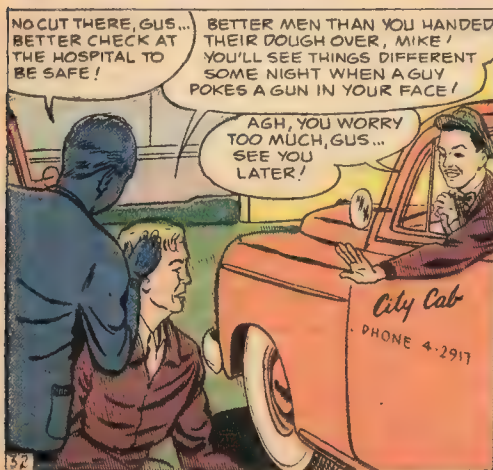
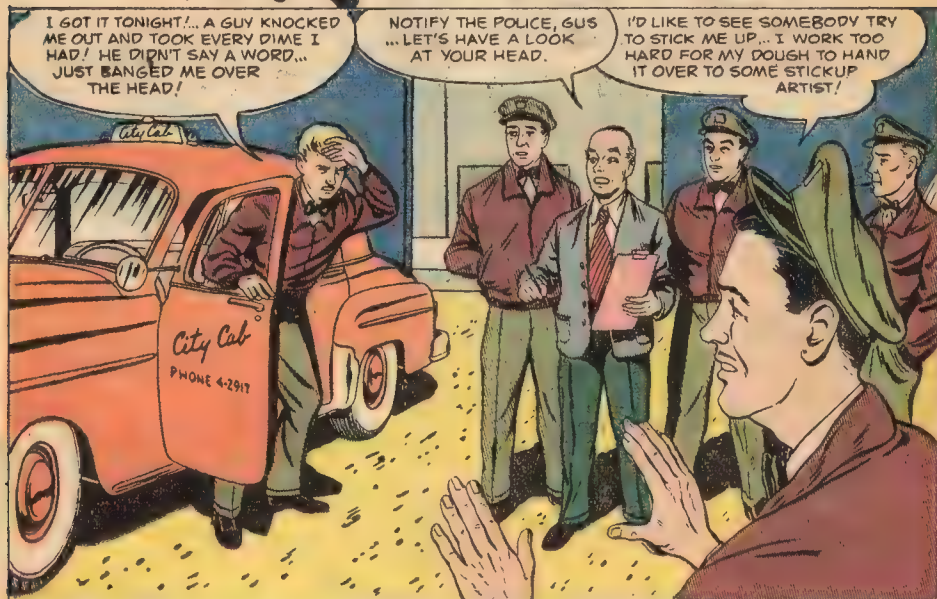
Address _____

City _____ State _____

I'M A CAB DRIVER. MIKE MALLOY IS MY NAME AND I DRIVE FOR A LARGE CAB COMPANY IN AN EASTERN CITY. THIS IS MY STORY ABOUT HOLDUPS, CAB HOLDUPS, I MEAN. EVEN WHEN SOME OF MY FRIENDS AT THE GARAGE GOT THE GUN TREATMENT, I STILL DIDN'T WORRY ABOUT CHEAP HOODLUMS WHO TAKE A CHANCE WITH MURDER FOR THE FEW BUCKS A CABBIE CARRIES... I JUST LAUGHED IT OFF LIKE ON THE NIGHT OF OCTOBER 10, 1950 WHEN GUS WILSON ROLLED INTO THE GARAGE AS I WAS GOING OUT ON THE LATE SHIFT.

OFFICIAL
RECORD
PERFECT
CRIME
NO. 8361
COMPLETED
DEC. 20, 1950
BEHIND
PRISON BARS

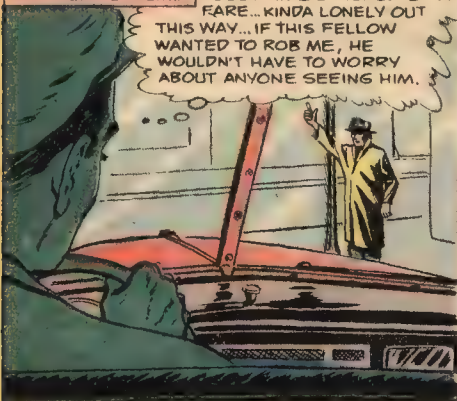
Your Money or Your LIFE...



Justice Always Triumphs

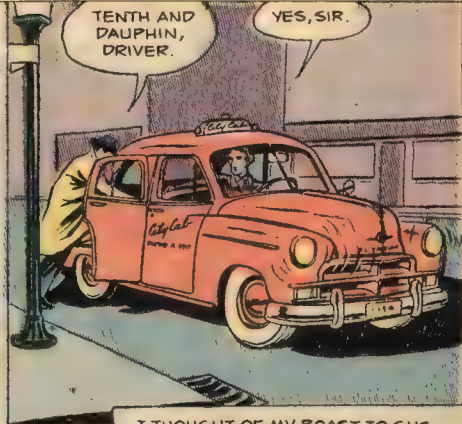
SIX HOURS LATER...

ABOUT TIME I PICKED UP A FARE... KINDA LONELY OUT THIS WAY... IF THIS FELLOW WANTED TO ROB ME, HE WOULDN'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT ANYONE SEEING HIM.

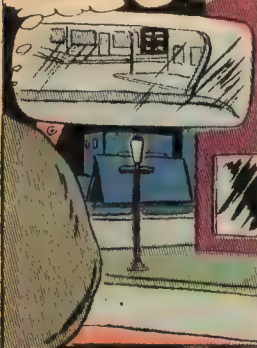


TENTH AND DAUPHIN, DRIVER.

YES, SIR.



HM... THE GUY IS SITTING SO I CAN'T SEE HIM IN THE MIRROR... AGH, I'M STARTING TO IMAGINE THINGS...



PULL OVER TO THE SIDE, BUDDY... I WANT YOUR DOUGH... ALL OF IT... AND THE KEY TO THIS HACK!

YOU... DO? UH, OKAY... SURE...



I THOUGHT OF MY BOAST TO GUS WILSON AND MY MUSCLES TENSED... THEN I THOUGHT OF THAT GUN AGAINST MY NECK AND I RELAXED.

JUST SIT QUIET IN THERE FOR TEN MINUTES!

OKAY!



IT WAS OVER IN A FEW SECONDS... MY MONEY WAS GONE... THE IGNITION KEY WAS GONE. THEN AS MY PRIDE BEGAN DEFLATING, I GOT SORE...

I CAN HEAR GUS LAUGHING AT ME NOW... I CAN'T JUST SIT HERE... I'M GOING TO TAIL THAT GUY!



I'LL WAIT TILL THIS BIRD ROOSTS... THEN I'LL CALL THE POLICE!



There Is NO Perfect Crime!

OH, NO... I KICKED THAT BOTTLE!

EH?... ALL RIGHT, CABBIE, I'LL FIX YOU FOR GOOD - THIS TIME!



UH... I'M TOO SCARED TO EVEN YELL!



USH!.. BREAKIN' MILK BOTTLES AND RUNNIN' AWAY, EH, MISTER? ... WELL I'LL ...

NO, NO, OFFICER... THERE'S A MAN...



I DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO DO ANY MORE TALKING... THE GUY WITH THE GUN CAME RACING AROUND THE CORNER AND I GOT OFF FIRST...

THIS GUY ROBBED ME, OFFICER!

UGH!

WHAT?



THAT NIGHT AT HEADQUARTERS, I GOT BACK ON THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE OFFICER I KNOCKED DOWN. GUS WILSON CAME DOWN TO CHECK ON THE GUY WHO ROBBED ME... IT WAS THE SAME GUY...

YEAH, THAT'S THE GUY...



UH... HE'LL GET A NICE STRETCH OUT OF THIS ... THANKS, BOYS!

WE DID TOO... THE GUNMAN, LEWIS CRAWFORD IS NOW DOING FIVE TO TEN FOR ARMED ROBBERY... AND BACK AT THE GARAGE, WELL, YOU KNOW HOW IT IS...

AND THEN WHAT DID YOU DO, MIKE?

I JUST SAID REAL COOL LIKE "GUNS DON'T FRIGHTEN ME, BUDDY"... THEN I LET HIM HAVE THE RIGHT TO THE JAW... NOthin' TO IT!

YAM! THAT AIN'T THE WAY THE POLICEMAN TOLD IT TO ME!



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RUSH SARAN PLASTIC SEAT COVER TO FIT MY CAR.

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(I save up to \$1.00 postage.)

☐ I want front seats only for \$10.00.
☐ My front seats have split back ☐ Two Door
☐ My front seats have a solid back
☐ Four Door

Make Year Model
☐ Coach ☐ Sedan ☐ Sedanette ☐ Convertible
☐ Full Set \$16.98 ☐ Front Set Only \$10
Color ☐ Maroon ☐ Blue ☐ Green Model.....

Name

Address

City State

SENT ON APPROVAL

OFFICIAL
RECORD
PERFECT
CRIME
NO. 6377
COMPLETED
JULY 11, 1949
BY JUSTICE...
TEMPERED WITH
MERCY

A VERY Honest FELLOW

SHY, TIMID EDWIN ESTERLY'S STEADY PLUGGING AT THE SECURITY TRUST BANK WHERE HE WORKED AS A TELLER SEEMED TO GET HIM NOWHERE. ROSE, HIS WIFE, AND HIS FRIENDS MADE A RUNNING JOKE OF EDWIN'S LACK OF COURAGE... HIS REFUSAL TO TAKE A CHANCE. BUT ON APRIL 6, 1949, ESTERLY'S WAY OF LIFE CHANGED... NOW, IN THE ESTERLY HOME, EDWIN AND ROSE ARE GREETING HIGH-PRESSURE SALES-MAN PETE ROURKE AND HIS WIFE GRETA. EDWIN, AS USUAL, IS THE BRUNT OF ONE OF PETE'S JOKES...



LAUGHING AT ME AGAIN... PETE ROURKE, I'LL SHOW YOU UP FOR THE FAKE YOU REALLY ARE ONE OF THESE DAYS!

IT'S A SHAME POOR EDWIN DOESN'T HAVE THE DRIVE I HAVE... WHY ONLY TODAY I CLOSED A DEAL THAT'LL NET ME OVER A HUNDRED BUCKS!

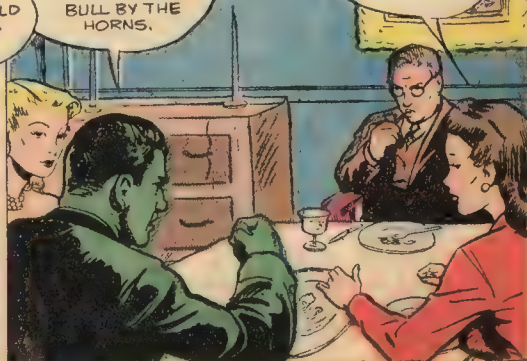
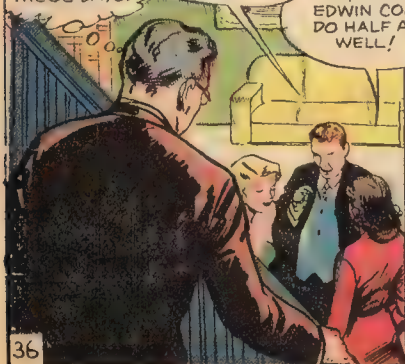
MY, IF ONLY EDWIN COULD DO HALF AS WELL!

LATER

I TELL YOU, TODAY A MAN'S GOT TO GET OUT AND DIG... CAN'T LET ANYTHING FRIGHTEN YOU, NO SIR... ALWAYS BEEN MY POLICY TO TAKE THE BULL BY THE HORNS.

...WHAT A BORE... DON'T SEE WHY ROSE INSISTS ON INVITING HIM TO THE HOUSE!

IF EDWIN WOULD ONLY LOOK AT LIFE THAT WAY!



All Crime Is Evil

STILL LATER...

OH, EDWIN, ISN'T GRETA A LUCKY WOMAN TO HAVE A MAN LIKE PETE.? HE'S TAKING HER ON A THREE WEEK VACATION TO HAVANA...

BAH! I DON'T TRUST HIM...I'D LIKE TO KNOW HOW HE REALLY MAKES HIS MONEY!

HAH! PETE GETS HIS MONEY THROUGH HIS SUPERIOR ABILITY. LOOK AT YOU...STILL SMOKING THAT HATEFUL PIPE BECAUSE YOU CAN'T AFFORD CIGARETTES!

NOW, ROSE, WE'VE GONE OVER THAT BEFORE! IT'S NOT THE EXPENSE...I PREFER A PIPE...AND IT **DOES** SAVE US MONEY.



THERE WAS A TIME WHEN I DIDN'T KNOW WHETHER I'D MARRIED A MAN OR A MOUSE... NOW I KNOW!

B-BUT, ROSE, WHAT DO YOU EXPECT ME TO DO...STEAL THE MONEY?

STEAL? OH, WHAT I'D GIVE TO SEE YOU DO SOMETHING DISHONEST...HA, THE BANK'S MOST TRUSTED AND UNDERPAID EMPLOYEE...STEALING!

SOMETHING CHANGED IN EDWIN THAT NIGHT... HE COULDN'T GET THE SHARP, SCORNFUL LAUGH OUT OF HIS MIND...

I'LL DO IT... TOMORROW! I'LL SHOW THEM...ALL OF THEM... **THEY'LL NEVER LAUGH AT ME AGAIN!**



NEXT MORNING...

HERE COMES MR MILK-TOAST HIMSELF... COMPLETE WITH LUNCH PAIL!

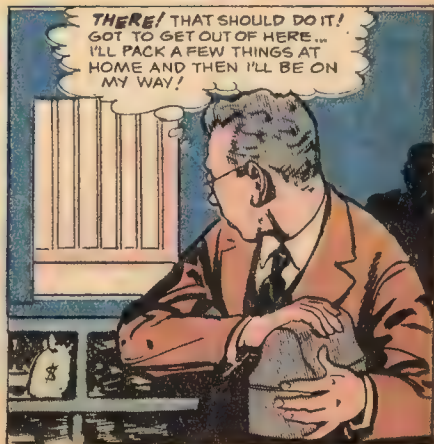
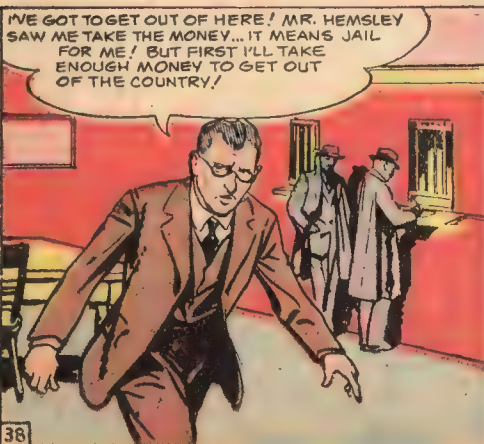
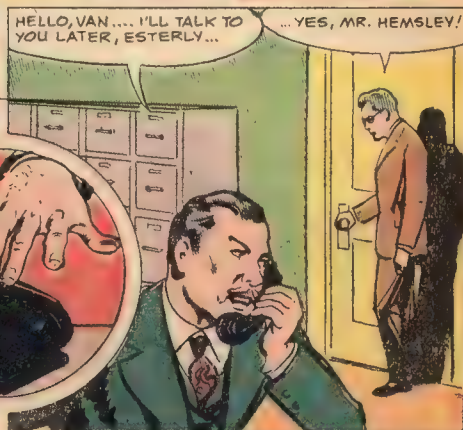
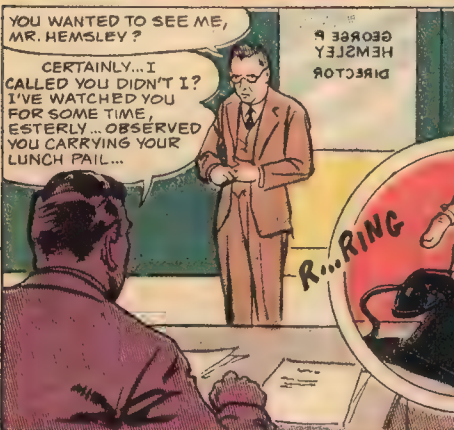
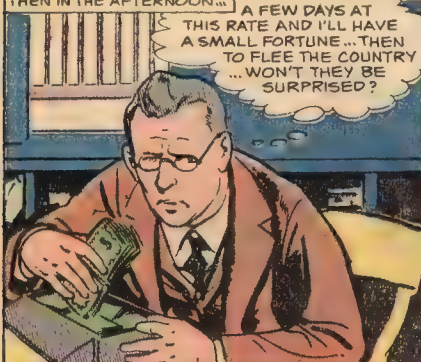
THEY SAY HE WALKS THREE MILES TO WORK EVERY DAY, RAIN OR SHINE!

NO WONDER... HE'S ONLY HAD TWO RAISES IN THE TEN YEARS HE'S BEEN HERE. THEY SAY HE LIVES IN MORTAL TERROR OF OLD HEMSLEY!

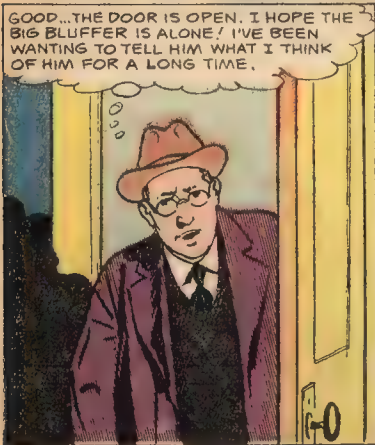
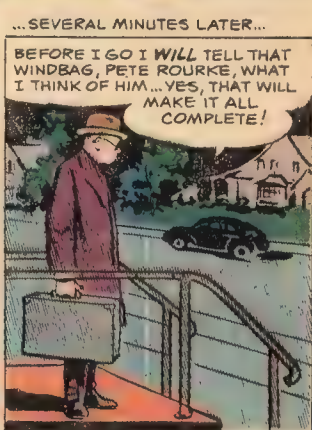
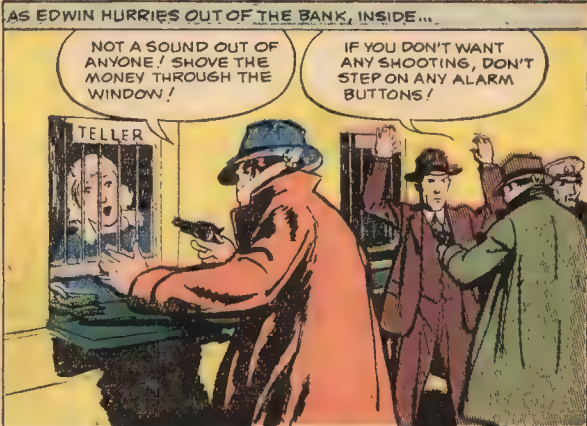


Loneliness Is the Starved Crony

EDWIN WENT ABOUT HIS ROUTINE DUTIES THAT MORNING...AT NOON HE TOOK HIS ONE SANDWICH FROM HIS LUNCH PAIL AND ATE, AS USUAL, ALONE. THEN IN THE AFTERNOON...



Of Every Hunted Criminal



Full Prisons Always Prove

YOU AMAZE ME, EDWIN... I THOUGHT YOU'D BE TOO FRIGHTENED TO RECOGNIZE ME AT THE BANK, BUT I NEVER FIGURED YOU TO COME AFTER ME ALONE!

I... I DON'T UNDERSTAND ALL THIS, PETE...



IS THIS THE GUY WHO WORKED AT THE BANK WE JUST KNOCKED OFF, PETE?

UH-HUH! MAYBE HE FIGURED HE'D COME HERE AND TRY TO SHAKE US DOWN 'CAUSE HE SPOTTED ME... IS THAT IT, EDWIN?

... I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!



THIS IS WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT... **MONEY!** THE MONEY WE GRABBED FROM THE SECURITY TRUST BANK AN HOUR AGO...

YOU ROBBED THE BANK!—AND YOU THINK I RECOGNIZED YOU, IS THAT WHAT YOU'RE TRYING TO TELL ME? I WASN'T EVEN IN THE BANK WHEN YOU HELD IT UP!



DON'T GIVE ME THAT, ESTERLY... I KNOW YOU—YOU WOULDN'T DARE TAKE A DAY OFF!

BUT I DIDN'T TAKE A DAY OFF... I WENT INTO THE BANK AND FILLED MY LUNCH BOX WITH MONEY... THEN I LEFT... YOU PROBABLY ROBBED THE BANK AFTER I'D GONE!



COME ON, ROURKE, LET'S GET THIS GUY OUT IN THE COUNTRY AND MAKE SURE HE DON'T TALK!

PLEASE... LOOK IN MY SUITCASE... THE MONEY'S THERE!

HOLD IT, VINCE... I'LL CHECK THE BAG JUST FOR LAUGHS!



WELL, I'LL BE... YOU DID GRAB A BUNDLE, DIDN'T YOU, LITTLE MAN!

I TOLD YOU... I TOLD YOU!

WHAT'S THE PLAY NOW, PETE? THIS IS GETTIN TOO DEEP FOR ME!



THIS JUST SWEETENS THE POT, VINCE! TAKE EDWIN OUT TO THE CAR... WE'RE GOING TO SHOW HIM THAT CRIME DOESN'T PAY!

.. EH?... WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH ME?



There Is NO Perfect Crime!

I WORKED HARD SETTING MYSELF UP A NICE FRONT AS A SALESMAN, EDWIN... I CAN'T LET YOU RUIN IT. SO IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE IS GOING TO COME INTO A LOT OF MONEY... YOUR INSURANCE MONEY. LET'S GET MOVIN'!



I KNEW NOTHING COULD COME FROM STEALING FROM THE BANK... BUT YOU'RE NOT GETTING AWAY WITH IT, ROURKE!



GRAB HIM, VINCE... HE'S OFF HIS ROCKER!

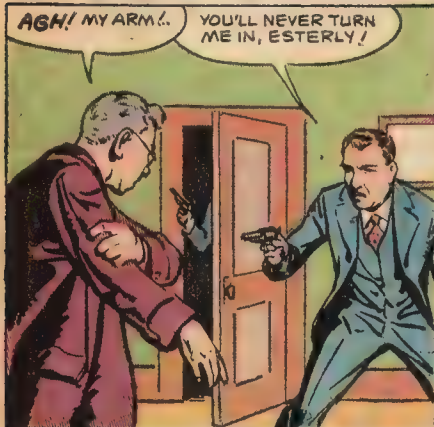
VINCE, I DIDN'T MEAN... UNH!

I'VE MADE ONE MISTAKE, ROURKE, BUT I'M GOING TO FACE THE MUSIC IF IT KILLS ME... I'M GOING TO THE POLICE WITH THE WHOLE STORY!



ASH! MY ARM!

YOU'LL NEVER TURN ME IN, ESTERLY!



DROP IT, BUDDY!

EH?

THEY ROBBED THE SECURITY TRUST, OFFICER... I'M GUILTY, TOO...



LATER, AFTER A HEART-BROKEN AND VERY REPENTANT EDWIN ESTERLY HAD TOLD THE WHOLE STORY TO THE AUTHORITIES, THE THREE MEN WERE SENTENCED...

YEAH, AND THE JUDGE SAYS HE'LL OKAY HIS PAROLE FOR HELPIN' TO NAB US... TWENTY TO THIRTY YEARS WE GET AND HE GETS OFF WITH TWO TO FIVE!

IF ONLY I HAD IT TO DO OVER... I MUST HAVE BEEN INSANE TO STEAL.



EDWIN ESTERLY'S CHANGE OF HEART AND HIS COURAGE IN TRYING TO RIGHT A WRONG DID NOT COMPLETELY MAKE UP FOR HIS CRIME... BUT THE LAW IS MORE CONCERNED WITH REHABILITATING THAN PUNISHING... AND SO WAS BANK DIRECTOR GEORGE P. HEMSLEY...

IT'S PARTLY MY FAULT, MR. HEMSLEY... I WANTED SO MUCH... EDWIN WAS SO GOOD TO ME!

THERE, THERE, MRS. ESTERLY... EDWIN WILL BE FREE SOON. AND TO THINK I WAS JUST GOING TO MAKE HIM A BANK OFFICIAL. HE'S SEEN THE LIGHT, ROSE, AND WHEN HE GETS OUT, HE'LL BE WELCOME AT THE BANK. HE IS REALLY A VERY HONEST FELLOW... HE CAN'T HELP BUT BE HONEST!



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1.00

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Please rush me my TELEVISION SAVINGS BANK. I enclose \$1.00 in (cash) (money order). I want ☐ Milton Berle ☐ Hopalong Cassidy ☐ Arthur Godfrey ☐ Roy Rogers as the television star on the screen.

Name _____

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Sgt. Audley V. Walsh Speaks—

Ridgefield Park, Dept. of Police

Marble Cake and MAYHEM

SOCIOLOGISTS, men and women who study how human beings behave, have a phrase they use which is quite interesting. They refer to certain sections in big cities as "marble cake areas." If you look at a piece of marble cake you will find that it is made up of white, or vanilla cake, and black or chocolate cake.

The reason the social scientists have coined the phrase is that the geography and population lay-out of cities in time begins to resemble this piece of marble cake.

An example of this is the lower east Bronx in N.Y.C. This area was built up later than down town New York. This section, like the rest of New York, was originally farm land occupied by farmers of Dutch and German origin.

Later, around 1900 new waves of immigration began. The basic population, the farmers, would be the vanilla area in the marble cake. The new people moving in, the immigrants, would be the chocolate part of the cake. Just as in the marble cake the dark part of the cake sticks out like fingers into the white part of the cake, the new people who settled in the area began to stick out, to move into the older section of the area.

Old settlers almost invariably dislike newcomers. The older immigrants, the Dutch and Germans resented the newer immigrants, the Irish. Soon the Irish had forced some of the German people out of the section. The marble cake had begun to form.



More time passed and soon the next wave of immigration began, from Italy this time. Now the Italians began to force out some of the Irish. The marble cake now has two different fingers projecting out into the older area.

By this time the Irish had joined forces with the older settlers and considered themselves the older group. The Irish and Germans now began to discriminate against the Italians.

The marble cake is complete. You have the two, really three different culture groups all next to each other, all occupying houses near each other. But the mixture is not like the mixture in let's say a mocha cake, it is still separated into black and white.

This means, in terms of people, that the

Germans occupy whole blocks into which no Irish or Italian families have ever been allowed to move. But one block above or below them there are whole blocks of Irish or Italian families.

What has this to do with mayhem? Or with juvenile delinquency? A great deal! For this marble cake distribution of people is responsible to a large degree for the formation of street gangs.

What happens is that the children of the oldest settled group, in this case the Germans, band together and consider themselves different and therefore better than the other, newer groups. The Irish groups, once they lived in the neighborhood for a generation or so, finally become accepted by the older group of German kids. They then combine into gangs which fight the newest group, in this case, the Italians.

There you have the beginning of kid street gangs with all the violence and zip guns, the knife fights and brass knucks, all set up ready for bloodshed.

Sounds pretty silly when you put it that way doesn't it?

Just because one set of kids' parents arrived in this country a few years before the arrival of another set of kids' parents does not seem like enough reason for life-long enmity and bloody fights, yet that is what happens over and over again.

The kids in the German and Irish streets join forces, get themselves some lumberjackets, find a cellar some place, and before you know it there is a real street gang all set up and ready to go.

Once this gang has set upon an Italian kid and beaten him up just because he is Italian, then the Italian kids in self defense have to join up into a band, or gang in order to protect themselves.

Now the curious thing is that as long as the marble cake area exists, the trouble continues to exist. That is, as long as the city blocks are divided up into different nationalities and different groups this bad feeling continues.

Oh, people try to overcome the trouble. As a matter of fact, in these editorials in *The Perfect Crime*, we have pointed out various things that can be done to overcome this kind of trouble. We refer to such groups as the Boy Scouts, PAL, etc. But . . . and this is a big but, the real cure, curiously enough does not come from these various agencies, but from all things the landlords in the marble cake areas!

On the day that a landlord in the German occupied area, let's say, decides to allow an

Italian family to move into one of his houses, on that day the area begins to cure itself of its sickness!

This has been proved over and over again!

For as soon as the area ceases to be divided into block sized areas, as soon as the marble cake ceases to be a marble cake, when the black area begins to melt into the vanilla part of the marble cake, that is the day when the discrimination and fighting begins to end.

What happens is that you get to know your neighbors. And when you find out that the Italian boy living next door has a sweet mother, or a good guy for a father, or when your families get together and help each other when someone is sick, from then on you can't hate all Italians as blindly as you did.

Ignorance is of course the root of all discrimination and when you live right next door to someone you begin to learn about them. When you learn about something you are no longer ignorant about that thing.

When ignorance goes out the door, it takes discrimination with it.

An odd thing is that as soon as one landlord allows a rival immigrant group into his house, soon all the landlords in the neighborhood do so and that is what sounds the death knell of the marble cake area.

The fingers of the marble cake soon stop being fingers and become amalgamated. The black and white of the cake blends together and the marble cake turns into an homogenous mass, like a mocha cake.

Or, in other words, you soon have Germans, Italians and Irish people living next door to each other happily and learning to like each other.

Children, young children that is, don't discriminate. They don't know enough to. They learn to hate from their parents, and when their parents cease to hate, then the children no longer hate.

And when the kids no longer hate each other the gangs begin to change from hate gangs into social groups that soon learn to fight out their differences in stick ball, baseball or football games, instead of in bloody fights.

Which is, when you come right down to it, the real American way of settling your differences. Another way of putting what we have been saying, is that marble cake areas are un-American. The American way is still the melting pot into which all kinds of people are poured and come out . . . Americans!

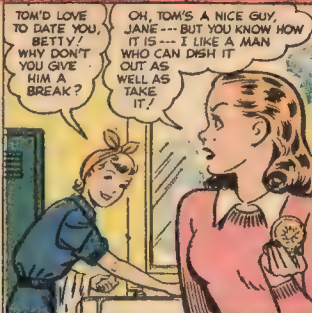
THE END

HOW A MINI-GYM TURNS PEOPLE INTO SUCCESS DYNAMO



SURE, TOM, YOU'VE GOT THE BRAINS AND MORE FOR THAT SUPERVISOR'S JOB... BUT YOU'D NEVER BE ABLE TO KEEP THOSE TOUGH MEMBERS IN THE SHOP IN LINE!

WELL, MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT, BOSS!



TOM'D LOVE TO DATE YOU, BETTY! WHY DON'T YOU GIVE HIM A BREAK?

OH, TOM'S A NICE GUY, JANE... BUT YOU KNOW HOW IT IS... I LIKE A MAN WHO CAN DISH IT OUT AS WELL AS TAKE IT!



IT'S NO USE, SAM... I'M MOVING ON! I'M WORSE THAN A WASH-OUT IN THIS PLANT! I CAN'T GET PROMOTIONS LIKE YOU!

TAKE IT EASY, TOM! YOU NEED IT ALL DAY, 10-MINUTE WORK-OUT WITH 'MINI-GYM' AND YOU'LL SOON BE GIVING ME A RUN FOR MY MONEY! HERE, LOOK AT THIS AD!



GOSH, SAM, I'M A NEW MAN! AM I GLAD YOU MADE ME CLIP THAT 'MINI-GYM' COUPON! WATCH ME DO JOE BONOMO'S TRICKY EXERCISE 10 AGAIN! IT'S A KILLER-DILLER!

GO TO IT, KID! I ALWAYS KNEW YOU HAD THE STUFF, BUT IT TAKES 'MINI-GYM' TO GIVE A MAN TOP TRAINING!

AMBITIOUS MEN OF ALL AGES!



NEXT TIME, FELLER, YOU'D BETTER THINK FIRST BEFORE YOU START SHOOTING OFF YOUR MOUTH AT ME!

OH, TOM, YOU'RE WONDERFUL!

HONEST, TOM, I - I DIDN'T MEAN NOTHING!

TWO MONTHS LATER...



THAT SUPERVISOR'S JOB IS YOURS, TOM! AND I DON'T HAVE TO WISH YOU LUCK! YOU'VE MADE YOURSELF INTO A REAL 'COMER' WHO MAKES HIS OWN LUCK!

THANKS, BOSS! I'LL MAKE GOOD... AND HOW!

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Man alive, you haven't really lived 'til you get your eager hands (Ym, and feet, too) into Joe Bonomo's heart-all exerciser, the unique, new 'MINI-GYM'! Even though you hated exercise before, with superb 'MINI-GYM' and Joe Bonomo's big, new personal instruction book... you'll eat it up! Find yourself acting like a kid again... and loving it!

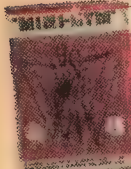
See How Fast 'MINI-GYM' Helps Get You Into A-I Shapes!

You bet, almost before you know it, a daily 10 minutes with 'MINI-GYM' builds you into the kind of real "he man" material bosses want most... and girls go for! Can't help but be, for this new "miracle" 'MINI-GYM' is an all-around, all-out body conditioner... meaning it does a 100% job of building YOU! Toning, strengthening and popping up every muscle in your whole body!

World-famous, professional all-around man himself Joe Bonomo knows what it takes to build the physically perfect man! (Yes, and woman, too!) And he's put all his first-hand knowledge into the design of the terrific, new exerciser! So in 'MINI-GYM' you've got everything it takes for genuine, professional body-building!

Great For Men, Women, and Children!

Though 'MINI-GYM' is plenty tough for the professional athlete, it's easy enough to be handled... and enjoyed... by any teen-age girl or small woman. How come? Because Joe Bonomo designed 'MINI-GYM' for girls and women, too! Especially those who want to develop real pep, alluring curves and a super gorgeous figure! No wonder girls everywhere go for 'MINI-GYM' in a big BIG way!



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1841 Broadway, New York 23, N.Y.



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BY
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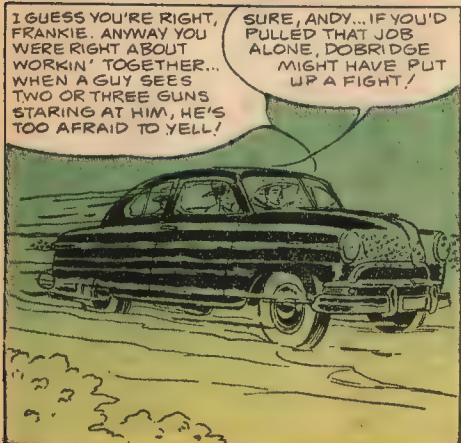
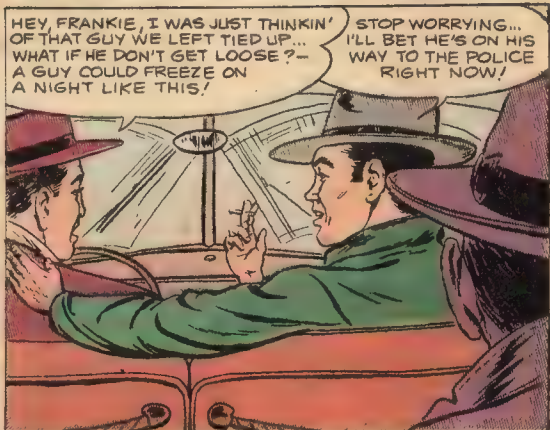
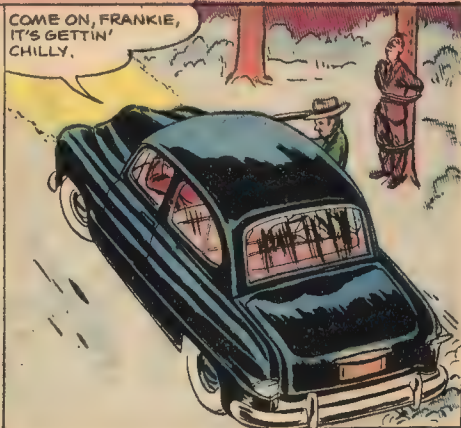
Panel 1: A man in a red trench coat and hat stands on the left, looking towards the other three men. A man in an orange trench coat and hat stands in the center, holding a small object. A man in a green trench coat and hat stands on the right, holding a gun. A man in a purple trench coat and hat stands on the far right, also holding a gun. Speech bubbles contain dialogue.

Panel 1 Dialogue:

- Red coat: "WHA... WHAT DO YOU MEN WANT?"
- Green coat: "COME ON, DOBRIDGE, YOU'RE GOING FOR A RIDE IN THE COUNTRY!"
- Purple coat: "...AND NOT A PEEP OUT OF YOU!"

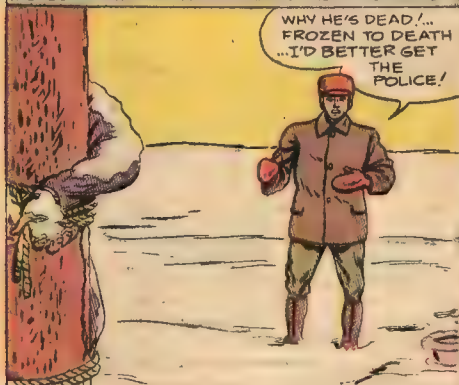
A comic book panel showing three men in coats standing in a wooded area. One man is holding a gun. A speech bubble from the man in the green coat says: "YEAH, AN' HAVE THE COPS GET SORE THEY DON'T LIKE MURDERS, ROB-BERY AIN'T SO BAD!". A body lies on the ground in the foreground.

Crime Is No Match for Law



There Is NO Perfect Crime!

IT SNOWED FOR SEVERAL HOURS THAT NIGHT... THE MERCURY DROPPED TO TEN ABOVE. NEXT MORNING...



THAT'S JUST THE WAY I FOUND HIM, DETECTIVE BARRY!

HM... DOESN'T LOOK LIKE THEY WANTED TO MURDER HIM... THEY WOULD HAVE SHOT HIM. IT'S ROBBERY ALL RIGHT, AND I'VE GOT A HUNCH I KNOW WHO DID IT!



LATER, IN A MID-CITY SALOON...

LET'S GO, BOYS, DOBRIDGE PUT THE FINGER ON YOU BEFORE HE DIED!

HUH? DIED? WE DIDN'T KILL...

SHUT UP, ANDY! WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, COPPER? ... WE DON'T KNOW ANYONE NAMED DOBRIDGE!

DOBRIDGE SCRATCHED A MESSAGE IN THE SNOW BEFORE HE FROZE TO DEATH! IT SAID "FRANKIE AND ANDY AND ONE MORE". TIRE TRACKS AT THE DEATH SCENE MATCH THOSE OF YOUR CAR, ANDY... NOW WHO WAS WITH YOU?



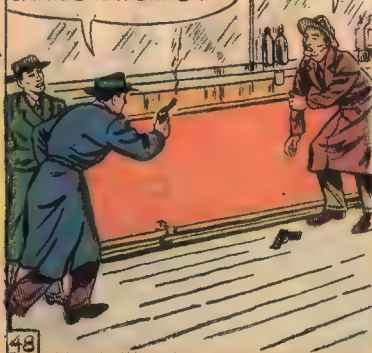
NEVER MIND WHO WAS WITH THEM, COPPER... JUST DROP THAT GUN OR...

JOEY REAMS... I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN!



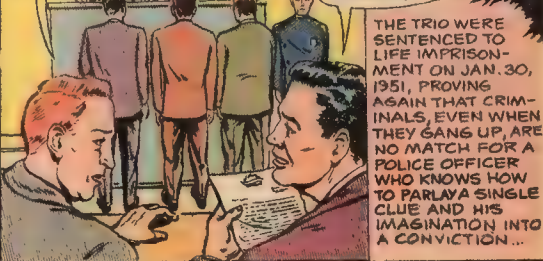
THAT'S BETTER... NOW WE'RE ALL GOING DOWN TO HEAD-QUARTERS, AND THE CHARGE IS MURDER!

MY ARM!



HOW'D YOU KNOW IT WAS CLARK AND THE OTHER TWO, DETECTIVE BARRY?

I DIDN'T **KNOW**... BUT I KNEW ANDY AND FRANKIE PULLED STRONGARM JOBS TOGETHER. 'COURSE THE TIRE TRACKS ON ANDY'S CAR MATCHED THOSE AT THE MURDER SCENE... IT HAD BEEN MUDDY OUT THERE BEFORE THE SNOW FELL AND THE TRACKS FROZE AND LEFT A PERFECT PRINT UNDER THE SNOW!



THE TRIO WERE SENTENCED TO LIFE IMPRISONMENT ON JAN. 30, 1951, PROVING AGAIN THAT CRIMINALS, EVEN WHEN THEY GANG UP, ARE NO MATCH FOR A POLICE OFFICER WHO KNOWS HOW TO PARLAY A SINGLE CLUE AND HIS IMAGINATION INTO A CONVICTION...

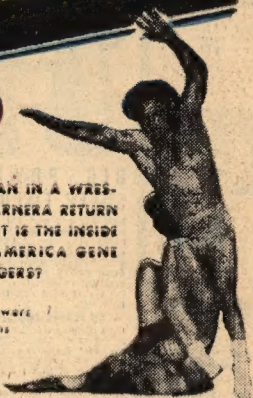
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